

Nihil Obstat

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,
Censor Dep.

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PASSIONIST

AUGUST



ALMANAC

1937

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 SUN.	✠11th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
2 Mon.	St. Alphonsus Liguori, B.C.D.	{ Bro. Bernard (Lammers), C.P.—1870. Bro. Luke (McLoughlin), C.P.—1878.
3 Tues.	Finding of St. Stephen.	
4 Wed.	St. Dominic, C.	
5 Thurs.	Our Lady of the Snows.	
6 Fri.	THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.	
7 Sat.	St. Cajetan, C.	Rev. Fr. Vincent (Logan), C.P.—1927.
8 SUN.	✠12th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Bro. Dominic (Zeegers), C.P.—1865.
9 Mon.	St. John Mary Vianney, C.	
10 Tues.	St. Laurence, M.	Rev. Fr. Paul Mary (O'Neill), C.P.—1911.
11 Wed.	SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, MM.	Bro. Malachy (Brady), C.P.—1916.
12 Thurs.	St. Clare, V.	
13 Fri.	SS. Hippolyte and Cassian, MM.	Conf. Xavier (Reilly), C.P.—1878.
14 Sat.	Vigil of the Assumption, F.	Rev. Fr. Osmond (Maguire), C.P.—1877.
15 SUN.	✠THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY	Rev. Fr. Joseph (Cassidy), C.P.—1890.
16 Mon.	St. Joachim, Father of Our Blessed Lady.	Rev. Fr. Henry (Ward), C.P.—1931.
17 Tues.	St. Hyacinth, C.	Rev. Fr. Peter Paul (Smith), C.P.—1897.
18 Wed.	St. Helen, Empress, W.	
19 Thurs.	St. John Eudes, C.	
20 Fri.	St. Bernard, Abbot, C.D.	Bro. Benignus (McGettigan), C.P.—1898.
21 Sat.	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W.	
22 SUN.	✠14th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Rev. Fr. Aloysius (O'Brien), C.P.—1905.
23 Mon.	St. Philip Benitus, C.	{ Bro. Sebastian (Dillon), C.P.—1902. Rev. Fr. Andrew (Murphy), C.P.—1931.
24 Tues.	ST. BARTHOLOMEW, Ap.	{ Rev. Fr. Cornelius (McGrath), C.P.—1906. Rev. Fr. Edmund (Hill), C.P.—1916.
25 Wed.	St. Louis, C.	
26 Thurs.	St. Zephyrinus, P.M.	{ V. Rev. Fr. Austin (Hawks-Sims), C.P.—1883. Bro. Francis (Fearon), C.P.—1918.
27 Fri.	St. Joseph Calasanctius, C.	
28 Sat.	St. Augustine, B.C.D.	Ven. Dominic of the Mother of God—1849.
29 SUN.	✠15th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
30 Mon.	St. Rose of Lima, V.	Bro. Angelo (Parker), C.P.—1883.
31 Tues.	St. Raymund Nonnatus, C.	Bro. Julian (Byrne), C.P.—1914.

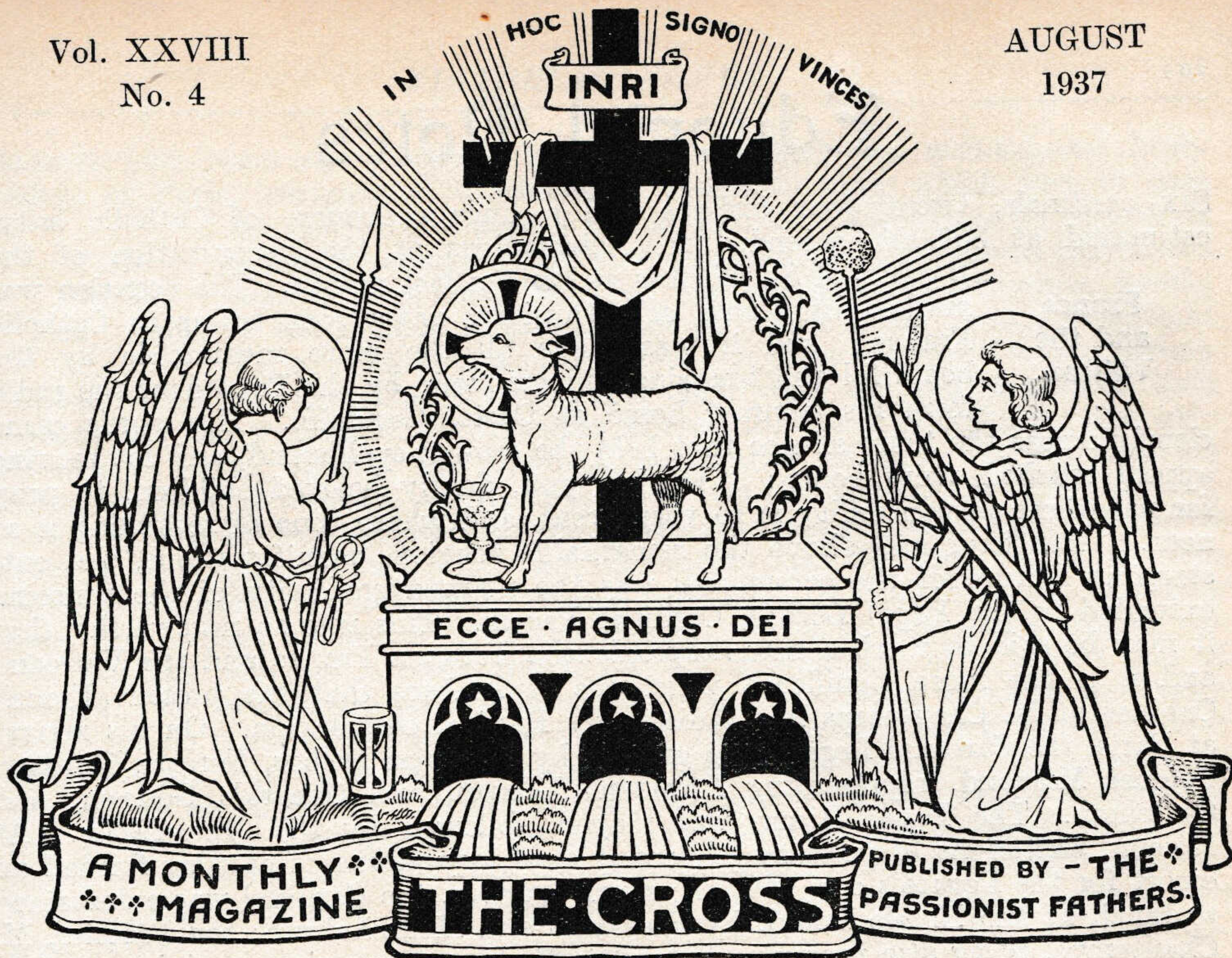
Abbreviations : F.—Fast. P.—Pope. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor. V.—Virgin. W.—Widow

	Page
EDITORIAL NOTES	<i>The Managing Editor</i> 140
CIVIL WAR OR CRUSADE ?	<i>T. W. C. Curd</i> 143
CATHOLIC NORVEGIA	<i>A Norwegian Convert</i> 148
ANGELO'S "AVE MARIA"	<i>A. N. Wrightson</i> 153
PASSIONIST MISSIONS AND RETREATS	155
HIS BLOOD UPON US	<i>"Amator Crucis"</i> 157
CHURCH MUSIC	<i>Rev. Thomas Foy, M.A.</i> 158
"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED"	<i>Rev. Fr. Hubert, C.P.</i> 160
THE ROMAN CATACOMBS	<i>D. P. Geraldine</i> 162
ALL THINGS WELL	<i>Jane Fleming</i> 165
P.A.C. CONGRESS AT VIENNA	168
STRAIGHT FROM THE STABLE !	<i>Maurice V. Reidy</i> 169
THE PASSING OF MARY PAT	<i>K. Ross</i> 171
THE PROBLEM PAGE (Serial Story)	<i>Frances MacBride</i> 175

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Personal to Our Friends

I like to think, and with good reason, that subscribers to *THE CROSS* are not just business customers—buying the literature we sell them—but that they are also our personal friends. They are interested in *THE CROSS*, not only as an organ of Catholic truth, not only as an effective auxiliary to genuine Catholic Action, but also as a chief means of forwarding the end of the Passionist Congregation, namely the increase of devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Lord and the spread of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

It is pleasant, therefore, to find many tributes paid to *THE CROSS* in the most diverse places. Last month, for example, the "Derry Journal" noted that the Passionist Fathers' magazine, *THE CROSS*, "has always been noted for the excellence of its short stories, the July issue containing no less than six complete tales, in addition to a number of delightful articles." We take legitimate pride also in the number and variety of questions sent in to "Our Question Box"—perhaps the most popular feature of our magazine.

Enlarged again this month to cope with the ever-increasing volume of queries, a study of it will reveal the fact that practically 50 per cent. of the questions ask for information about marriage. Many of these questions reveal a woeful lack of knowledge concerning the teaching of the Church in regard to the Sacramental character of Matrimony. Notice that it has never been our purpose, in answering questions, to settle individual cases. That is outside the sphere of any periodical and is the proper function of the local ecclesiastical authorities. At most, *THE CROSS* can only give an opinion on the case presented, and refer the question direct to their parochial clergy. This policy we have invariably and consistently followed, with the happy result that not a few difficulties have been successfully surmounted.

And, just by the way, what do you think of the new feature : "From Our Post-bag" ?

J. Edmund, C.P.

Editorial Notes

SIX cardinals, twenty-four bishops and a huge concourse of Catholic laity, estimated at 350,000, attended the celebrations at the inauguration of the Basilica of St. Thérèse at Lisieux last month. The occasion was

France and the Vatican.

marked by scenes of enthusiasm never seen before in Catholic France; and it was made all the more memorable by the beautiful and touching address made by the Pope over the radio from his summer home at Castel Gandolfo. His words came clearly across the tense silence that held the crowds spellbound, and his moving appeal touched every heart: "We beg you, dearly beloved children, to pray for us, whose responsibility is so very great, and whose time of reckoning is so near." But over and above the remarkable religious manifestations, the outstanding feature of the ceremonies was the marked cordiality of the welcome extended to the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pacelli. This was so noteworthy that it may be said to mark a new *rapprochement* between France and the Vatican; and it is the more significant when one remembers that the present French Cabinet of M. Chautemps has a distinctly Radical complexion. On his arrival at Paris, the Cardinal Legate was greeted by M. Yvon Delbos, Foreign Minister, Colonel Marsaud, representing President Lebrun, and Generals Gouraud and Castelnau. The Papal Hymn was played, followed by the *Marseillaise*. At Lisieux, battalions of infantry presented arms, squadrons of cavalry formed an escort for the Legate's car. On his return journey, the Cardinal was entertained to lunch at the Elysée Palace by President and Mme. Lebrun; the Premier, M. Chautemps, being also present. Later His Eminence was given a civic reception at the Hotel de Ville by the municipality of Paris. Only a few years ago such a reception would have been thought impossible. This new friendly atmosphere is not the least of the blessings which the Saint of Lisieux has brought to France.

* * * * *

AFTER twelve months labour, the Royal Commission on Palestine, presided over by Lord Peel, has recently presented its unanimous report and its far-reaching recommendations. Frankly facing the fact that the administration of the British mandate in Palestine has been a failure, the

Partition for Palestine.

Peel Commission advises the establishment of two independent sovereign States, one for the Arabs and the other for the Jews. To add a further complication, the Commission also recommends that Great Britain be granted a special new mandate, covering the shores of Lake Tiberias, and the cities of Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth "to be held as a sacred trust for civilisation." Thus by a typically British compromise, it is hoped to settle once and for all a problem which has hitherto defied solution. If the approval, or at least the consent, of the interested parties be essential to the success of the experiment, it is already foredoomed to failure. Both the Arabs and the Jews have announced that the partition-scheme is unacceptable and indefensible. Possibly it is beyond the wisdom of man to devise any scheme to settle such conflicting claims; but apparently the Government is determined to force through the scheme at all costs, to present the inhabitants with a *fait accompli* and to deal with sporadic opposition afterwards. Long and delicate negotiations will be necessary before the Peel Commission plan becomes effective. The sale of land is to be prohibited; Jewish immigration is to be restricted to a minimum; and a Frontier Commission will be established to determine the boundary-line between the Jewish and Arab States. The new proposals mark the abandonment of an untenable position. They signalise the liquidation of the famous Balfour declaration of twenty years ago; equally do they disregard the promises given to the Arab population. It seems that Palestine is about to enter another troubled and turbulent time.

ALMOST four years ago, Cardinal Verdier, the zealous and well-beloved Archbishop of Paris, inaugurated a scheme of church-building which was at once the gesture of a patriot and an apostle. Anxious to do something to lessen unemployment amongst his flock, the Cardinal announced that he was about to build one hundred new churches, mostly in the famous *Banlieue rouge* or "Red Zone" which surrounds Paris. Before this year is over the programme will be completely fulfilled. Built at the rate of twenty-five each year, the churches have been constructed like a chain of fortifications around the zone, constituting the only efficacious barrier against the insidious penetration of Communism, with its attendant evils of atheism, bloody revolution and the destruction of civilisation. Now the Cardinal looks forward to the systematic evangelisation of the *Banlieue rouge*, a truly gigantic task when one remembers that the zone has an average depth of a quarter of a mile, and counts a population of 75,000 families. Looking upon the district almost as a foreign mission, for it is profoundly pagan, the Cardinal has launched a fresh appeal for the construction of a second line of defence. He enumerates his requirements: (1) presbyteries to house the clergy appointed to minister in the new churches; (2) parochial halls to accommodate social works, especially Catholic Action amongst the young; (3) dispensaries to cure the ills of the body, whilst not neglecting more serious spiritual ailments. Our prayers and our sympathy go out to the zealous and apostolic prelate in his almost superhuman task. The encouraging results which have so far attended his efforts give promise of an even greater and more consoling success in the near future.

* * * * *

WITH tragic and unexpected suddenness, death came to the Marchese Marconi in Rome at the age of sixty-three. The passing of the man who made modern wireless possible was an occasion of international mourning, and every nation joined in paying tribute to an inventive genius unparalleled in modern times. His first encouragement to pursue his early experiments came from his mother, who was an Irish-woman. He was barely twenty-one when he commenced that brilliant series of discoveries which ceased only with his death. Not thousands but millions owe their safety on land and sea to the world-famous inventor. When the ill-fated *Titanic* sank in 1912, one thousand survivors were landed in New York. Learning that Marconi was in the city, they marched in a body to his hotel, loudly cheered him and declared: "We owe our lives to you." He was the recipient of honours and decorations in almost every land. The Nobel Prize for Physics was awarded to him in 1909, and this was followed by an innumerable succession of scientific awards, which culminated when the Pope appointed him President of the Pontifical Academy of Science in 1934. Almost to the end he was devising further experimental radio researches, having already successfully demonstrated "beam" wireless, the multiplex system of transmission and ultra-short-wave radio transmission. "What other men had been content to prove impossible, he accomplished" finely declared *The Times*, in an editorial, "and this is surely greatness." When informed of his serious condition, he bade his attendants send without delay for the priest to administer the Last Sacraments; and his last words were repeated utterances of the *Pater Noster*. There is added pathos in his passing in that he died on the seventh birthday of his little daughter, and what had been intended as a festival ended as a day of mourning. May his good soul enjoy eternal peace!

* * * * *

THE excellent work which is being accomplished by the Catholic Film Society in England prompts one to ask what are the prospects for a similar undertaking in Ireland. The Catholic Film Society has for its object the teaching of Catholic

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THE EDITOR, "THE CROSS," MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN.

Civil War or Crusade?

.....
T. W. C. CURD

What is the truth about Spain?
Is the civil war a mere political
wrangle? Or a clash between
"Fascists" and "Workers"?
Or an attempt to establish a
dictatorship? This article will
answer all these questions. It
tells the TRUTH! :: ::

IN his address to the bishops, priests, nuns and laity, refugees from Spain, whom he received in audience at Castel Gandolfo on Monday, September 14th, 1936, His Holiness Pope Pius XI used these striking words:

"You have come to tell Us of your joy in having been found worthy, like the first Apostles, to suffer for the name of Jesus; of your happiness like unto that once praised by the first Pope: you have been covered with reproaches for the name of Jesus and because you were Christians."

And again:

"One would say that a satanic preparation has rekindled, and that more fiercely in our neighbour, Spain, that flame of hatred and savage persecution which has been professedly reserved for the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion."

And finally:

"To all this good and faithful people, to all this dear and noble Spain which has suffered so much, We direct Our Benediction. . . . Our Benediction, above any mere political or mundane consideration, goes out, in a special manner, to all those who have assumed the difficult and dangerous task of defending and restoring the rights and honour of God and of Religion. . . ."

To most thoughtful people, and especially when read in conjunction with the encyclical on Atheistic Communism, these words of the Holy Father will convey but one meaning: that Pope Pius considers the present struggle in Spain to be no mere political wrangle, no clash between rival systems of government, no war of "Fascists" against "Workers"—but a struggle between those who stand for God and the things of God and those who seek to drive God from the world of His creation. And who, in all the world, is better placed to judge? Considered merely from the human and material standpoint, it is doubtful whether any country in the world can rival the Vatican for its intelligence service.

And yet there are some, even amongst Catholics, who are not content with following the lead of the Pope, but seek to show that the Spanish civil war is a struggle on the part of the downtrodden poor against a faction that uses the army and the Moors in a final effort to rehabilitate the Capitalists and perpetuate the persecution of the proletariat. It is as though they read the encyclicals against Atheistic Communism and immediately follow up with: "Ah, yes; but" They think, no doubt, that the Pope is a long way off Spain and that he is forced to accept what is told him by interested parties. No doubt well-meaning Catholics have contributed articles and letters to the English Catholic press giving comfort to the Communists by scolding General Franco for every accident of war that brings hurt or misfortune to a non-combatant. Deputations visit Red Spain, see what they are meant to see, hear what they are meant to hear, and return full of excuses for Madrid and ready to tell the world that Communism is not anti-God. Bluffed by clever agents of Moscow they fail to see the deception.

But what is the evidence of those who may be described literally as being "in the thick of it"? What is the opinion of the Church in Spain? What

is in the minds of those who are fighting on the Nationalist side? They, at least, ought to know what they are "up against." And what is *the mind* of the Spanish Communist and the agents of Moscow? What do they say when they are talking among themselves, with no Anglican Deans or ignorant tourists listening in?

The evidence is on record, for all these people most closely concerned have spoken at different times and quite freely. What says the Church in Spain?

In his "Open Letter to the President of the Basque Government" the Cardinal Primate of Spain writes:

"Here it is a question of love for religion on the one hand and a war of hatred on the other."

The Archbishop of Santiago of Compostello, in a Pastoral Letter on the Feast of St. James the Apostle, writes:

"For half a year in this part we sons of St. James have been thrown into a religious and patriotic war of an importance equal to that which began in Covadonga and ended within the walls of Granada. A religious and patriotic war, say our young men, who spontaneously offer themselves to the army and throw themselves into the field singing hymns to Christ the King and to Spain. . . . And our enemies fight under the banner 'Godless'."

And the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo:

"All Spain is in agony with grief at the outrages committed on whoever loves God above all. . . . This war indeed on the part of the enemies of God is entwined with a chain of horrible sacrileges, committed in cold blood and culminating with . . . the shooting at the Heart of Jesus at Cerro de los Angeles. Spain is again filled with grief for the thousands of priests assassinated with inhuman cruelty solely because they were representatives of God."

Bishop after Bishop among the hierarchy of Spain has added his testimony in the strongest way possible to a Bishop—by means of pastorals and special letters to the Faithful. Monsignor Antonio Garcia, Bishop of Tuy, has this outspoken verdict:

"It is a conflict where one civilisation, which is Christian and Spanish, is fighting against Communistic barbarism, a barbarism backed by all the energies of hell and the hosts with which the Prince of Darkness wages earthly war against Jesus Christ. . . . It is not a civil war but a patriotic and religious crusade."

There can be no doubt whatever that in the minds of the leaders of the Church in Spain this is a religious war. But if we want still further testimony it is easy to find it, and since the witnesses we shall now call are not speaking for the benefit of dignitaries of the Church of England or members of the Left Book Club on a conducted tour, there is no reason to doubt their words. The Communists themselves are under no delusions. To them this is a war against God and the Catholic religion.

The ex-Minister of Public Instruction under the Madrid government (Fernandez) addressing a letter to the Central Council of the "Godless" League of Moscow, says:

"Your struggle against religion is also ours. Of Spain, which was always a country of militant Christianity, we must make a country of militant atheism. . . . All the Spanish churches will be transformed into Communist schools and universities." (Vatican Radio; Sept. 1936).

The head of the Spanish Communist Youth Movement has declared that:

"Spanish atheist activities will, after a few months, reach full success with the total destruction of the Church. In the ground occupied by the Communists the Church will be exterminated, and it will be necessary to seek out and strike at the hidden religious life. . . . Collaboration between the Russian centre of atheism and Spanish organisations will be very close." (Vatican Radio; Sept. 1936.)

Andres Nin, prominent Spanish Communist, states in the Communist Review, *Vanguard*, August 2nd, 1936 :

“The working classes have very simply resolved the problem of the Church by leaving no more churches.”

The Communist paper *El Diluvio* (Aug. 4, 1936) says :

“We want descriptions of the burnings of churches, convents and other Catholic centres. We need this material for the publication of a documentary work on the destruction of ecclesiastical power.”

The Communist *Vanguard* says in its issue of Nov. 20th, 1936 :

“Some men are imprisoned and killed only because they are Catholics.”

The Communist Review *La Noche* (Aug. 17, 1936) has this boastful passage from the Communist Youth Association :

“Who lighted the flame to burn the castles of tyranny, that is to say, the ecclesiastical authority which dominated all the countries of Spain for many centuries? Who wishes to answer this question truly must say that it was the heroes of the anarchical youth who crossed the country to liberate it from the religious pest.”

And just to show how Moscow itself regards the anti-God work of its agents in Spain, Largo Caballero, head of the Madrid government, has been the recipient of a special distinction from the “Godless” Council of Moscow. In conferring this “honour” the Council expressed the hope that Caballero “would feel it his duty to conduct a ruthless war against the Church and against religion.”

Gaikas, who succeeded Rosenberg as representative of the Reds in Spain, has been nominated “Honorary Godless” for his anti-God work since 1917. He has been associated with anti-God propaganda since 1920; his appointment to Madrid is eloquent of Moscow’s attitude towards the present conflict in Spain. Moscow is in no doubt whatever; this is a war against God. And surely Moscow ought to know! Last March, when Anglican dignitaries, avowed Communists, and even one or two Catholics, were putting their names to an appeal for support of a “Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R.” a congress was meeting in Moscow to discuss new ways of combating religion. Spain was represented.

And what of the Spanish people? What of the masses of ordinary men and women who are neither highly-placed officials nor dignitaries nor extremists, but just ordinary shop-keepers, clerks, land workers, and the rest?

Catholic Navarre has sent practically every able-bodied man and youth to fight for Franco. Why? In the towns and villages where Nationalist troops pass by on their way to the fighting line or back for a well-earned rest, we hear of columns halting at the sound of the Angelus bell and standing to attention while an officer says the prayers and the men make the responses. The Vatican Radio recently summed up the spiritual revival in Spain in these words :

“In the midst of horrible pictures of blood and fire, of devastation and ruin, it will be well to turn one’s eyes to the splendid revival of the religious spirit of the genuine Spanish people; a revival so splendid that the Catholics themselves have wondered at its strength.”

A report on Spain compiled by the Central Secretariat of the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin gives some striking instances of the religious fervour with which the Spanish people are fighting this war. At Salamanca “enthusiasm is indescribable; the churches are full.” At Cadiz “one hears in the streets the cry ‘*Viva Cristo Re—Viva Espana Cattolica!*’ The soldiers draw up in the square and recite the *Angelus* and the people stop with them.” At Seville, “people and soldiers, not only in the churches but in the streets, make manifestations of veneration and respect for the priests; their frequency at the Sacraments is notable.”

From Navarre a priest writes that a body of youths have charged themselves with the custody of the sanctuary at the church of S. Miguel de Excelsis. They hear Mass daily and receive Holy Communion several times a week. Millan Astray, founder of the Spanish Foreign Legion, in a speech at Pamplona, said that after Spain had been liberated from Communism the country would enter on the path of peace and justice—the “expression of the will of God.”

A priest, after a visit to the front line, wrote that he “often found men reciting *the whole Rosary*.” Another chaplain states that whenever possible the officers and men assist at daily Mass. Others write in similar strain: Mass celebrated in caves or among the rocks, for protection, while hundreds of soldiers, officers and Falangists, file by to receive Holy Communion. The *Salve Regina* sung with extraordinary fervour in front line trenches. Commanders of Nationalist war-ships placing their own cabin at the disposal of the priest so that it might be a reposing place for the Blessed Sacrament.

The epic story of the Alcazar of Toledo is well known. General Moscado, heroic leader of the defenders, is a member of the Sodality of Our Lady. The story of the sacrifice of his only son “for Spain and for Christ the King” is equally well known. They will live together in the most glorious annals of Catholic Spain. When the siege was raised and attempts were made to interview General Moscado, he said:

“I do not like words. I prefer deeds; and when the latter are placed before men having an ideal all goes well—especially when one fights for God and Spain.”

The Governor of the Alcazar, Cirujano, had with him his three sons, all through the siege. All were wounded, one of them twice. When victory at last came, this was Governor Cirujano’s comment:

“God is the victor—the Blessed Virgin our general!”

The Alcalde of Toledo, Fernando Aguirre, said of his companions:

“They are heroes, saints; they have lived, fought and died for God and Spain. Is it not wonderful? And all, absolutely all, were vowed to Our Lord and full of trust in the Virgin.”

All through that epic siege twice daily was the rosary recited before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, by all who could possibly attend. One of the officers, Captain Sanz de Diego, organised a perpetual rosary. And when Toledo was taken by the Nationalists the chaplain celebrated Mass among the smoking ruins of the Alcazar, and those who were fasting received Holy Communion.

Are these the acts of men who think they are fighting a battle merely for personal safety; for one form of political régime in preference to another; for “Fascism”? Could such motives actuate men like Jose de Gregorio, Captain of Requetés of Toledo, who each morning went to Holy Communion at the head of his officers and whose men, every day, in the face of the enemy, recited the Rosary?

In face of this evidence is it exaggerating the situation when the *Osservatore Romano* (22.10.36) writes:

“In the land occupied by the Reds Spain lives now *the days of the Catacombs*. The Eucharist is taken to the sick and prisoners by the hand of simple Catholics and the Holy Mass is celebrated secretly in private houses.”

Or when *The Times*, never to be suspected of anything but sympathy with the Madrid Government, is caught confessing (6.10.36):

“Many citizens in Madrid have hungered spiritually for nine months. Anti-Christ has been given a long-awaited opportunity.”

These are not the things of normal warfare, nor even of normal civil war.

In the greatest conflict between nations that the world has ever known, the greatest "Imperialist War" as the Communists would call it, there was no attack by one side upon the faith, the religion, of the other. That has been reserved for a particular kind of warfare envisaged for all countries upon which Communism has set its greedy eyes—civil war, in which one side fights not only for material ends but also for the "ruthless suppression of religion, the opium of the people."

Having regard to the superabundance of evidence, it is sad beyond expression to find Catholic apologists for the agents of Moscow who have brought this persecution of religion to Spain. Not only do we find letters in the correspondence columns of our Catholic press offering ready excuses for the Reds, and this even from Catholics standing high in the esteem of their particular following; such a forum may be regarded as a legitimate field for discussion in the search for truth. But writers laying claim to the title of Catholic have gone to the extreme of using these columns to urge other Catholics to follow their example and aid the Reds in rising to power in their own country. A well-known Catholic name has figured among the supporters of the Communist-inspired exhibition of "International Art" recently held in London. The same name figured among those supporting the "Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R." Other well-known Catholic names have appeared on pamphlets written to give aid and encouragement to the Madrid Government—the agents of those who would drive God from Spain as they have driven Him from unhappy Russia. Such a pamphlet, written by a Catholic, has found such favour with the Communists that it has been printed and published by the Communist Party of Great Britain as a useful piece of Communist—that is anti-God—propaganda. The same Catholic has spoken against the persecuted Church of God on a public platform, to the delight of the church-burners. A Catholic magazine has even carried an editorial note charging Catholics with allowing themselves to be "stampeded" into believing that the war in Spain is a religious war. Is it not? Let the Pope have the last word, and ask ourselves: Does the Pope address such words lightly, to men and women who have suffered merely material misfortune in a worldly cause? Let us shed our prejudices and our doubts and listen to Pius XI, as he speaks to refugees from Spain, bishops and priests, nuns and laity, on the occasion referred to in the opening paragraph of this article:

"You have been robbed and despoiled of all things; you have been hunted and sought unto death in villages, in the dwellings of men and in the solitudes of the mountain, *exactly as those first martyrs* whom the Apostle saw and, in the wonder and exultation of that sight, proclaimed in accents of noble and glorious challenge, unmeet to be possessed by the world, 'for of them the world was unworthy'."

"We embrace with Our gaze and with Our heart you and all your fellow-sufferers in tribulation *and martyrdom*: and again We may and We must say to you, as the Apostle said to *your earliest predecessors in the glory of martyrdom*: 'my joy and my crown,' and not merely mine but that of God Himself, for according to the glad and splendid vision of the great Prophet, by His grace there has been made, of each one of you, a crown of glory and a royal diadem: 'And thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God'."

.....@.....

For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our readers are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received:—

"Unworthy" (Ballymore), 2/6; B.Sc. (Hons.), Glasgow, 2/6; J. J. B. (Limerick), 5/-; "Mount Slemish" (Belfast), 2/6; Some Glasgow Clients of Gemma, 5/-; M. P. (Dublin), 2/6.

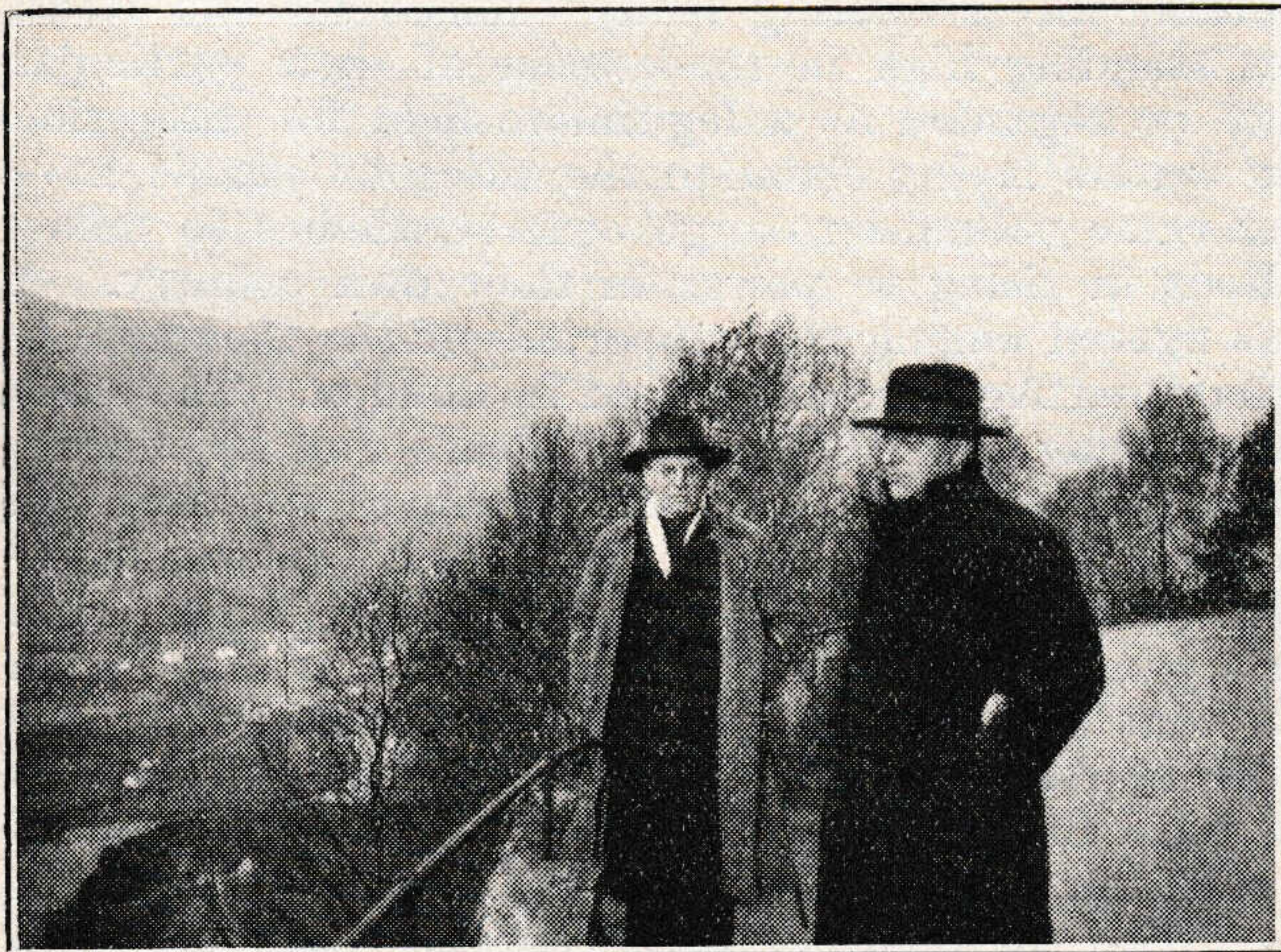
Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Catholic ~ ~ Norway

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[It adds to the interest of this article to know that the author is a Norwegian convert who has a son studying for the priesthood —ED.]

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Mgr. Mangers (left) and Fr. Van der Burg, at Stavanger.

THE crossing of the North Sea, from Norway to England, is in these modern times no dangerous expedition. The twenty-one hour voyage from Bergen to Newcastle is a mere pleasure trip in a modern steamer for anyone who likes travelling. How different it was in the days of our first forefathers! Such a voyage in those times was neither comfortable nor a matter of hours to accomplish, yet the crossing was made frequently by the Norsemen or Vikings, if

not with the best of intentions. We all know what history has to relate about the Viking raids and plunderings when they visited the coasts of Britain and France, and as late as the beginning of last century there were still to be found in the Litany of All Souls in old prayer books in France and the Netherlands, the words: "From the anger of the Norsemen, deliver us, O Lord."

From Britain to the land of the Norsemen came a different kind of visitor. History relates that the first monks and priests who came to Norway were British, and it is an historical fact that when Saint Olaf, returning as a Christian king to Norway, determined to convert his country to Christianity, he brought with him as his bishop, Grimkell. When King Olaf, probably in the year 1013, was baptised by Archbishop Robert in Rouen, he travelled northward to the coast of Britain in company with King Ethelred, and Snorre's Saga of Kings relates that King Olaf and King Ethelred communicated with each other on many matters. Space does not allow of our going into the details of history, but we know that when King Olaf, after many adventures, returned home to Norway, "he set foot on shore with many priests and monks." Those priests and monks were English, or British, as you prefer. To-day we can still behold the ruins of churches, some of which have of late years been restored by pious Protestants. Those priests and bishops, however, and more particularly the zealous King Olaf, did not wait for the building of churches before beginning their work among the heathen Norsemen. They erected heavy stone crosses in places where it was possible to get people assembled, and in these places the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered. The crosses, of the peculiar Celtic shape, may still be found intact in several places in Norway. On the west coast, about mid-way between the two historical cities of Bergen and Stavanger is situated



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, HAUGESUND.
High Altar and Calvary, painted by Gösta of Geijerstam.

Norway's most closely populated island, Karmoy. Behind the island is the flat, stony landscape of Gard, and here we find a beautiful specimen of a Celtic cross, which has been restored by reverent hands, and its cracks repaired with the aid of iron and concrete. Here, through the zeal of the priests and monks, our ancestors gathered to assist at Holy Mass. Here Saint Olaf and his men in their coats of mail knelt in reverence to the "White Christ." It is a well-known fact that the first Norwegian Catholics used to say "White Christ" when they spoke of the Sacred Host, and that it was just as usual for them to say "I am going to see God" as it is for us to say "I am going to Mass."

South of Gard is the little town of Haugesund, situated in historical surroundings, and it is with the return of Holy Church to this town that this article is concerned.

Half a century ago, at the command of a penniless king, the Church was driven out of Norway, her treasures and her property seized by the king's men. No British monks, no saintly kings came this time with Faith and Sacraments to the Norwegian people, but in France, in a college of Marist Fathers, a priest, doctor of theology and philosophy, was called by God to the far north to work as a missionary, not among rough heathens but among highly-educated and reflective heretics. The name of this priest has been known and loved ever since by Norwegian Catholics. He was destined to be not only a missionary to Protestants but was later called by the Holy Father to the highest position in the Church in Norway. To-day this Marist Father is the Vicar-Apostolic of the Oslo Vicariate, with the title "Bishop of Selja." In 1926, Father Mangers, S.M., as he was then, came to Haugesund, and on March 25th, the little Catholic chapel was consecrated to St. Joseph. This chapel was a very modest resting-place for the Holy Eucharist. The removal of the wall between two rooms in a private flat made a room large enough to hold 60. To gain access to the chapel one had to traverse a long stone staircase and go through a narrow room. This gave the idea of being a very private arrangement, and was too much like a sectarian chapel to make any impression on the Protestants. The Norwegians, if they perhaps are fanatics and of an anti-Catholic mentality, are aware of the greatness of the Catholic Church, and they know from travel and reading that the Catholic Church usually has splendid churches and services. The little St. Joseph's chapel, therefore, as a start, was almost a disappointment. However, people found their way to the chapel, and Father Mangers awoke interest by the well-adapted sermons he gave, particularly on Sunday evenings.

But we will go back to the 25th March, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On that day our chapel was consecrated, and on the same day the new hospital was also consecrated. We have a Norwegian Congregation of Sisters called "The Sisters of St. Francis Xavier" or in Norwegian "St. Fransiskus Zaveriussöstre." When a new mission is started in Norway we always begin with a hospital or with ambulant sick-nursing. With the Sisters comes a priest, who works as rector for them and as priest of the prospective parish.

What began at Haugesund on Annunciation Day was soon to be heard of beyond the boundary of the little town. The defenders of Lutheranism in Norway soon let their voices be heard, and the daily papers in the town got supplies from the capital, and long articles contained serious warnings against "the Catholic danger."

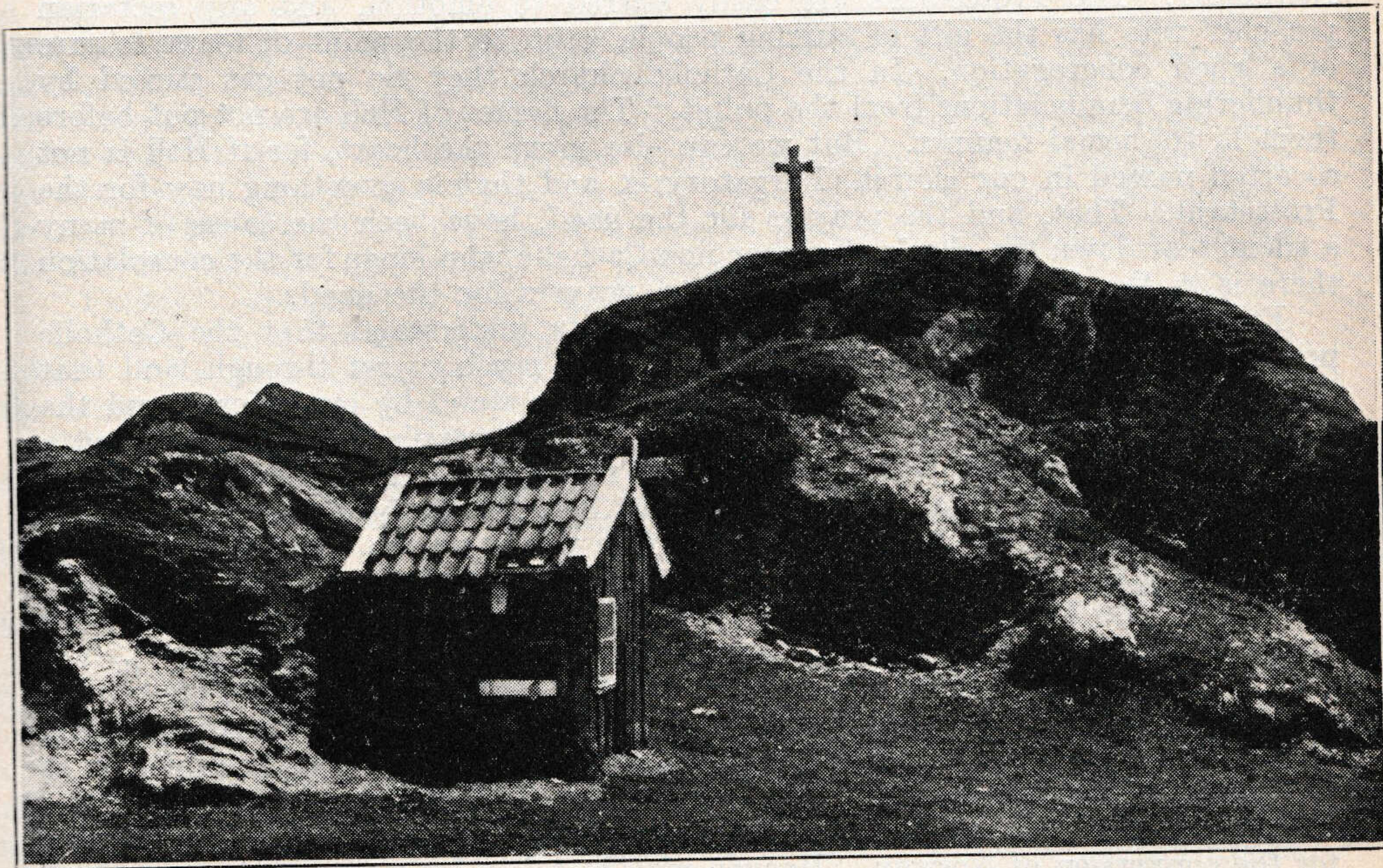
"One ought to be on guard," they said, "against the old enemy, the Roman Church, who has been bold enough to erect a mission in a place where only one single Catholic is living." This last assertion, however, was not strictly accurate. There were more than this one Catholic, and to-day we are a small but enthusiastic congregation.

As I have said, there was no lack of scorn and sarcasm. Our charitable nuns were beset by children in the streets, who followed them with shouts and jeers, and to accompany a priest in the street was something of a trial. But we became hardened to black looks, and, strengthened and encouraged by our priest, we were always ready to fight for our convictions. And to-day it is something of a feast to sit in our little church and reflect on what we have gained—a whole town's respect for our Faith.

To hear what the Norwegian Protestants *believe* of Catholics one would say that the Norwegian people must be very uneducated, but that is not the case. On the contrary, the greatest obstacle to conversion is that in many cases they are over-intelligent. They *know*, or rather they think they know, and if you would raise a discussion on religious matters you must be prepared to answer many "whys" and "ifs."

The average Norwegian is well educated, and is generally a book-lover in the sense that he reads books on history and philosophy rather than fictitious literature. In spite of his knowledge, however, he is sure of the Church being corrupt, and of the infallibility of his own judgment. The average prejudices, which are to be found everywhere, are of course established here, and one of the worst errors, which has handicapped us very much, is that they all think the Church is very rich and does not need any help. That our priests and nuns are living in "joy and superfluity, that is to be seen from the splendid garments and the golden vessels." The Lutherans of course do not know anything of sacrifice for their churches. The State or Government grants them annually what they require.

Another handicap is also of importance. By a grotesque paragraph in the Constitution, "Jesuits are not tolerated"—and the old accusation that the Jesuits teach that "the intention sanctifies the means" still holds good in



An Ancient Cross, believed to be the first Christian Cross ever raised in Norway.

Norway. "As the Church tolerates the Jesuits she must be dangerous when the Constitution forbids their being tolerated, and those who are her servants must be suspected." Such is the thought if not the direct saying of Norwegian non-Catholics.

Of course the attitude towards the Catholic Church is not by any means always as directly hostile as in the instances I have cited. The average man is often very friendly and rather interested in Catholic affairs, particularly if he is *tete a tete*. He is more talkative with a layman than with a priest. Fear of the Catholic priest runs in the blood of the average Norwegian; but when, as does sometimes happen, they have chanced to come into contact with a priest and talk to him, I have heard them remark on more than one occasion: "Your priest is a straightforward man indeed," and another meeting, "accidentally on purpose" has led to further acquaintance with the priest.

Direct "Catholic Action" is more difficult to manage. Every winter we arrange lectures, often with lantern slides, and people always come to these, and their interest is keen. But the result as to the effect of seeking instruction is more problematic. One certain result is the next day's newspaper article from one or another sectarian, who attacks the preacher and serves out the many stupid but generally-accepted calumnies against the Church.

The best way to reach the heart of serious Protestants is the evening services in church. If the hymns are in Norwegian and the sermon a short one, people are devout, and the impression they get in those services is, I think, the best. The Protestants in our church at Haugesund are always attentive and quiet, and when the priest explains the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament, people seem to understand something of it, because when the blessing is given everybody is devout. Occasions such as Midnight Mass at Christmas are also valuable, just as the services in Lent and the prayers for the dead in the month of November. The Protestants are easily stirred to emotion, and any sectarian preacher who has the gift of stirring people, even to the point of tears, is sure of a good congregation. In the Catholic church they do not get stirred by thundering denunciations from the pulpit. The flames of Hell are not put before them in the usual manner. But we can also move the heart, for if Hell is not so often named in our church, Purgatory is, and that is something new for the Protestant. That, and the prayers for the dead, have been the cause of many a silent tear down the cheek of a poor non-Catholic who longs for the consolation there is in the doctrine of Purgatory and prayers for the dead.

From the foregoing, my readers will surely understand that the Catholic priest in a little Catholic mission in Norway has much to get through, and that his life is not a bed of roses. We have learnt to stand by our priests, and the co-operation that exists between the priest and his parishioners is a link and a safeguard of very great worth. When one regularly reads papers from abroad of Catholic affairs and functions, one cannot help feeling how poor and difficult is a Catholic's daily life in a country like this where we are in such a minority. What strength lies in a service where the multitude of the people are Catholic and where one can see they are praying on their knees! But we have been placed here by the Will of God, to pray and to work for His Church.

I should like to close by asking your prayers, dear readers, for the conversion of Norway. As the Vikings learnt to pray from the people of Britain—and certainly prayers were exchanged in those days—might it not be possible for us to exchange prayers to-day? The Norwegian Catholic should pray for the conversion of Britain, and the people of Great Britain and Ireland might pray for the conversion of Norway. Heaven may be taken by storm, and prayers will do the work. I think that Great Britain and Norway might well sign such a treaty without any risk!

There is a Society of Prayer for the conversion of Norway. Its name is "St. Eysteins Forbund." When it began in 1926, 305 members were inscribed. To-day, after ten years, there are 3,875 members distributed in groups residing in all parts of the world. The President will gladly enrol you as a member. Are you interested? If so, write to:

The Secretary, St. Eysteins Forbund,
St. Josefs Institutt,
Akersveien 4,
Oslo, Norway.

The President is Pastor Arne Olav Sund, Rector of St. Olav's Kapell, Tönsberg, Norway.



Angelo's

"Ave Maria"

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A. N. WRIGHTSON

Even now, weak and ill as he was, his tired brain was searching, searching for that melody he could not find—shadowy strains that he seemed to have heard in another world :: :: :: ::

I CROSSED the room quietly and looked out of the window, open to let in the sweetness of the summer night. It was about one hour before midnight on the eve of the Assumption. The sky, glittering with stars, was the jewelled robe of the Madonna. I saw the garden before me filled with dew-laden roses, aglow with fireflies, and bathed in the mellow haze of an unclouded moon. A tiny fountain rang a ceaseless *Sanctus* as its spray fell with a silvery tinkle into the old copper basin. The cool night breeze caressing the leaves brought me the scent of roses. A few yards beyond the little Shrine of St. Joseph lay the vineyard, its green and purple clusters now a vision of emeralds and amethysts. A grove of olives formed a dark-green and silver background for the little white church, and I saw the ruby gleam of the sanctuary lamp within. Its tiny flicker drew from my lips a whispered prayer to the King of Love, for the Royal Standard ever marks the presence of Majesty.

"Father," whispered a tired, weak voice, "do you hear the voices?"

I turned round towards the form lying on the cool, white bed, and answered softly: "No, *caro mio*, it is only the wind rustling the leaves, or perhaps it is the whistle of the crickets."

"Is that all, Father?" continued the invalid. "I thought it might be the choir boys practising for to-morrow."

"No, my dear child, the choir boys are all asleep now—you know it is very late."

I went over and laid my hand on his burning, throbbing brow, smoothing back the soft, black hair.

"Can I do anything for you, Angelo, settle your pillow or turn down the light?"

"No thank you, Father, I am all right, only so tired and hot."

"Very well, child, go to sleep. I shall say my Office at the window. The moon is bright to-night. *Buon riposo, caro*, may the Good Mother protect you and fold you in her arms." His eyes glanced lovingly towards the corner where a statue of Our Lady, adorned with flowers, shone in the flicker of a blue light. Then he closed his eyes wearily. I took my snuff-box, my spectacles and my old breviary, and throwing my cloak across my shoulders, sat down by the window to recite *Matins* and *Lauds*.

I am an old priest now and have borne the burden of the years without learning to sustain the sorrow and pain of parting. My heart was heavy that night; for Angelo was dying. I remembered how he had appeared that day when he came to me from Milan, whither he had gone to study the violin. He had hoped to make his fortune in the great world—so strange and wonderful a place in the dreams of an enthusiastic young Neapolitan. In the northern Capital he had been stricken with some lung trouble, and as his father and mother were both dead, I had welcomed him, my only nephew, hoping that the peace and calm of San Rocco would restore the glow of health to his cheeks.

Per carita, how distracted I was that night! Angelo's pure soul used to burn like the lamp before the Madonna as he knelt at his morning prayers, whispering the rosary on his well-worn beads. He loved to play on his violin those quaint Neapolitan airs that speak to the inmost heart, and enkindle in the soul longings

for home and country. How many hours had he whiled away for me, hours of sadness and anxiety, how many times had he cheered me by the magic of his art! Most of all did I love to hear him play his own compositions. Ah, there on the table beside his violin was the last, unfinished. . . . It was his great ambition to write an *Ave Maria*, and he had hoped to finish this for the Assumption. Even now, weak and ill as he was, he tired his fervid brain searching, searching for that melody he could not find, shadowy strains that he seemed to have heard in another world, but which he could not crystallise into definite shape and form. As I glanced across the room to where he lay, I feared that I should never see him caressing his violin again.

Angelo had written the opening part of his *Ave Maria* before he was overtaken by an increasing weakness. Old Doctor Antonio, nodding his white head, had muttered his death-sentence. It was pneumonia, and the crisis was now at hand. He was perfectly tranquil, and his eyes seemed filled with joy and longing. I finished my Office and sat down beside him.

"Father," how far away the voice sounded, "are you quite sure you cannot hear the singing?" A look of intense eagerness darted into his shining eyes. "Why it is my *Ave Maria*. I can hear it plainly—listen!" He sat up and held out his wasted hand, his white fingers flashing in the moonlight. "Listen. *Dominus tecum, Benedicta tu*, The Lord is with Thee, Blessed art Thou. . . ." He fell back exhausted by the effort. I heard nothing but the rustling of the rose leaves and the shrill whistling of the crickets, mingled with the soft tinkle of falling water. I thought that his mind had begun to wander.

"Father, please give me my violin" he exclaimed, with a sudden display of energy. "I shall finish my *Ave Maria* to-night. I have found the melody at last!"

I propped him up with pillows and placed the beloved violin in his hot hands. He drew the bow across the strings and some quavering notes came trickling forth, sweet strains like the trembling of angels' wings. I recognised the familiar chords, and it seemed as though a door had suddenly opened in Heaven and that the songs of Seraphs were borne to earth. . . . As I listened to the sweet, unearthly music, a great circle of light flashed out around the statue of the Madonna. In the centre stood the figure of a wondrously fair Lady, with hands uplifted in the attitude of listening. I saw distinctly the outlines of the features against the bright light, and the form of the blue drapery from the sleeves of the upraised arms. She was smiling and looking intently towards the dying boy. The whole room seemed bathed in soft light and filled with the perfume of flowers. Circling around the vision a group of angelic forms were singing unutterably sweet strains. I heard their voices plainly and caught the words: "Hail, full of grace."

From the violin poured forth a new voice. The music streamed out joyous and triumphant. It seemed as if all nature had contrived with its choicest notes to form an exquisite and ravishing harmony, surpassed by nothing on earth, and suggestive of that ineffable harmony wherewith the human and Divine were intermingled in Mary's virgin womb. The note of jubilee was at its height when another note appeared, scarcely perceptible at first. It was a plaintive cry, gradually growing more instant until it dominated all, then for very earnestness ceased and fell with a sob of misery, like some poor suppliant at his Sovereign's feet. As the heart-breaking strains of "Now and at the hour of our death" came sobbing out, the peace and calm were broken by a note of joy and hope realised. . . . the cry of a captive freed at last from the dark misery of his prison. I saw the graceful Lady advancing with outstretched arms, and she seemed to clasp the player in a loving embrace.

The sullen booming of the church clock rang out. It was the Feast of the Assumption. As I counted the strokes the music and the brightness and the

perfume faded away into the distance, growing fainter at each chime, and then all was still.

I was sitting in my big chair, looking at the lamp flickering on the white roses before the Madonna, and the night breeze was carrying in its burden of sweetness through the open window.

There was joy and peace in the young face. I bent over him. Then I took the violin from his hands and placed there instead his rosary, folding them across his breast, and closed his eyes.

Angelo had finished his *Ave Maria* and had gone to play it for ever in the golden ways of the Everlasting City. Soor—ah soon—I hope to hear those strains again.

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Passionist Missions and Retreats

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, 1937.

The following are amongst the missions and retreats to be given by the Passionist Fathers of St. Patrick's Province during the summer months. The list also includes those which have already been given, but which were too late for publication in our last mission-list.

Ashford, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Daniel.
Glenavy, Co. Antrim	FF. Casimir and Celsus.
Bansha, Co. Tipperary	FF. Frederick and Hilary.
Antrim	Fr. Daniel.
Whitecross, Co. Armagh	FF. Terence and Vivian.
Ballintoy, Co. Antrim	Fr. Daniel.
Rhode, Offaly	FF. Richard and Isidore.
Oldtown, Co. Dublin	Fr. Edmund.
Diocesan Clergy, St. Mel's College, Longford	Fr. Kieran.
Do. do. Fort Augustus Abbey, Scotland	Fr. Kieran.
Presentation Brothers, Bray, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Colman.
Patrician Brothers, Ballyfin Demesne, Leix	Fr. Kieran.
Sisters of Mercy, Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Fabian.
Do. Crumlin Road, Belfast	Fr. Gerald.
Do. Boyle, Co. Roscommon	Fr. Austin.
Do. Strokestown, Co. Roscommon	Fr. Edmund.
Do. Clogheen, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Richard.
Do. Downpatrick, Co. Down	Fr. Cormac.
Do. Cahir, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Isidore.
Ursuline Nuns, Sligo	Fr. Ignatius.
Sisters of Nazareth, Belfast	Fr. Frederick.
Franciscan Sisters, Bothwell, Glasgow, Scotland	Fr. Dominic.
Presentation Sisters, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry	Fr. Ignatius.
Sisters of St. Joseph, Carstairs, Lanark	Fr. Cormac.
Poor Clare Nuns, St. Joseph's Abbey, Cavan	Fr. Ignatius.
Passionist Sisters, Irvine, Scotland	Fr. Sebastian.
Do. do. Bryson Street, Belfast	Fr. Casimir.
Do. do. Kilcullen, Co. Kildare	Fr. Dominic.
Do. do. Lochgelly, Fifeshire	Fr. Albert.
Do. do. Ballycastle, Co. Antrim	Fr. Terence.
Postulants, St. Joseph's College, Lochwinnoch, Ayr	Fr. Cyprian.
Teachers, St. Mel's College, Longford	Fr. Kieran.
Christian Mothers' Sodality, Swinford, Co. Mayo	Fr. Gerard.
E. de M., Convent of Mercy, Bessbrook, Co. Armagh	Fr. Ignatius.
Do. Cookstown, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Sylvius.
Do. Drumalis, Larne, Co. Antrim	Fr. Hilary.
Do. Sacred Heart Convent, Armagh	Fr. Herman.
Do. Convent of Mercy, Swinford, Co. Mayo	Fr. Gerard.
Do. Drumalis, Larne, Co. Antrim (2nd Retreat)	Fr. Hilary.
Business Girls, Ravenswell, Bray, Co. Wicklow	Fr. Edmund.
Ladies' Retreat, Drumalis, Larne, Co. Antrim	Fr. Ignatius.
Do. do. do. (2nd Retreat)	Fr. Fabian.
Boys, Nazareth Lodge, Belfast	Fr. Casimir.
Children, The Hospice, Harold's Cross, Dublin	Fr. Oliver.

Applications for Missions and Retreats, which should be sent in good time, may be addressed to :— V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, C.P., St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin,

His Blood Upon Us

“AMATOR CRUCIS”

Never did a more terrible and cowardly cry arise, never a cry which so pained the loving Heart of the Saviour. After all that He had done for them, his people spurned and rejected Him :: ::

*“Seigneur, otez-moi tout, mais donnez moi des ames.
Otez moi la sante, la fortune, l'honneur
Mais donnez moi un essor au devorantes flammes
Que le zele et l'amour allument dans mon coeur.”*

“Lord, take everything away from me but give me souls. Take health, fortune, honour but enkindle in my heart an impelling zeal and love.”

MICHAEL PRO JUAREZ, S.J., Martyr in Mexico.

WE can picture the scene. It has often tempted great artists. Pilate wished to move the crowd to pity and he brought forth Jesus clad in a robe of derision, all covered with blood, wearing the crown of His love. Then, seeing that all was of no avail, he washed his hands before the people, saying: “I am innocent of the blood of this Just Man, look you to it.” And they answering said: “His blood be upon us and upon our children.”

Never did a more terrible and cowardly cry arise from the depth of the pit, never a cry which so tore the loving Heart of Jesus. After all that He had done for them, His Chosen People spurned His blood, His love, His mercy, and cried out for His justice. The Heart of Jesus bled, and He offered this fresh suffering to His Father for us and for our redemption. The Blood of Jesus is indispensable. It cries forever for mercy for us, and justice against us. This desire which the Jews uttered to God would have been the most beautiful of all prayers that they could have made for themselves and for their children if they had made it with an upright and loving heart. “May Thy Precious Blood fall upon us and upon our children.”

And who are our children? All those souls whom we shall have saved for Jesus. The souls of poor sinners, of pagans who live in the darkness of night, the souls of our brothers and sisters in the Precious Blood. In this life we shall never have the consolation of seeing the fruits of our labours, but at the hour of death when we see God as He is and contemplate all things in Him there will rise up before us souls all shining with grace and beauty who will tell us with all the love of their hearts: “We are your children; it is you who, by your sacrifices and prayers, have given us Eternal life and glory; it is your life of mortification and prayer that has snatched us from hell and taught us to love God.”

And then what a torrent of joy will flood our own souls at the thought of having saved were it only one little soul who will love the Heart of Jesus for all Eternity! Save Him a soul, save thousands of souls, all is possible. It depends on the holiness of our lives, on the degree of love which we put in our everyday actions and the perfection we put in their accomplishment. Let us offer to Jesus our sufferings and our joys as the money that will buy him souls so that nothing may be wasted. Thus we shall be mystical channels through which the Precious Blood will flow and act in order to reach and save souls. To gain Heaven we must suffer in this life. Here below there are no roses without thorns; such only grow in the Gardens of Paradise. Our degree of suffering supported with heroism will be our degree of love, and love and suffering buy souls who will be our children and love God forever. We may meditate upon those words written by her brother to *Mere Marie Ange de l'Enfant Jésus*, when she lay on her death-bed in the Carmel of Lisieux: “Your suffering increases. Yes, truly

it is for you to win Heaven by a great victory. You are becoming more and more an entirely consecrated host. You are on the battlefield all covered with wounds, but behind you lies the salvation of the whole army. You are an invisible commander for a multitude needing your sacrifices, and when the gates of the Heavenly City are flung open before them it is at their head you will enter and you will see your God, the Infinite, the Eternal."

It was in 1844. Juste de Bretinières was six years old, his brother Christian only four. Under the eyes of their governess, they were playing in the garden digging holes in the earth. Suddenly Juste stood still. "Do not speak a word," said he to his brother, and bending over the hole he had made he cried out: "I see the Chinamen, I see them, dig deeper, we shall soon reach them." His



"ECCE HOMO," FROM THE PICTURE BY CISERI.
"His Blood be upon us and upon our children."

brother bent down in his turn and protested that he saw nothing. Juste, still digging hard, described the dress and appearance of the Chinese, and listening intently said he could hear their voices. His mother coming to see what the children were doing, heard no more than did Christian. Then Juste spoke out: "You cannot hear them but their voices are always ringing in my ears. Far away, mother dear, at the other end of this hole, far, far away, they are calling me. I must go and save their souls." At the age of twenty-six he left for Corea as a missionary, and when twenty-eight he died as a martyr.

And I see them too, these poor Chinese; I see their arms stretched out towards me; I see their poor yellow faces, their black silky hair, and above all the suppliant look in their eyes, saying so expressively how they thirst for the

Blood of Jesus. I see all the souls of those poor sinners, my children, and I ask Our Blessed Lady to give me a priestly soul, an apostolic soul in order to bring them all back to God. They ask for my sacrifices, my sufferings, my joys and my sorrows. It is my poor life that will buy them. And I hear them crying out to me, the voice of a great multitude like the voice of many waters falling and flowing and passing on towards the immensity of the Ocean of Eternity. And with their voice is mingled that of Mary, and of the Angels and Saints, my brothers and sisters in the Precious Blood. And above it all, drowning every melody in Heaven and on earth, I hear a sweet and harmonious Voice which has ravished the Heavenly Father's Heart and charmed the elect, that Voice which lives in the Psalms and Divine Office, that Voice which trembles on the lips of the priest when he offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass or absolves a poor sinner, that Voice which from all Eternity has cried and interceded for us—the Voice of the Precious Blood.

Adorable Blood of Jesus, fall upon me and upon my children, not for their condemnation but for their redemption!

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Church Music ~ ~ REV. THOMAS FOY, M.A., A.L.C.M.

PRAYER, song, playing upon instruments and action, are, it has been said, the elements of public worship. In the Old Testament a very important part was taken by music in connection with public worship. Religious songs, especially songs of thanksgiving for victories won, are frequently referred to. David introduced hymns and musical instruments into public religious ceremonies, and he set apart certain musicians whose duty it was to play upon harps and cymbals at religious functions, in praise of God.

In the New Testament music is also frequently referred to. St. Matthew, for instance, mentioned the fact that when the Last Supper was over, Our Lord and His Apostles sang a hymn before going to the Mount of Olives.

Music, in the strict liturgical sense, is a valuable aid to devotion. St. Augustine, in his *Confessions*, says: "When I remember the tears I shed at the Psalmody of the Church in the beginning of my recovered faith, and how, at this time, I am moved, not with the singing, but with the things sung when they are sung with a clear voice and suitable modulation, I acknowledge the great use of this institution."

The true music of the Church is Gregorian Chant, called after St. Gregory the Great (590-604), who was responsible for the final arrangement of the Roman Chant. At the present day, Gregorian Chant has been universally adopted, except in Milan Cathedral, in which the Ambrosian Chant is used.

The wishes of the early Church were that there should be no music in the church except vocal music. However, to-day "she allows the voices to be accompanied by the organ, and, in some cases, by other wind-instruments, but for this the leave of the Bishop must be obtained" (*Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music). It may be well to mention also that, although the Church has never expressly forbidden it, the introduction of women into the Church's Liturgy is not in keeping with her desires.

The attitude of the Church towards Music is very clear. In the Preface to the Vatican Edition of the *Gradual*, music is given "the first place amongst those things which are most closely connected with the Sacred Liturgy and increase its splendour and efficacy. We know, by common experience that it adds solemnity to Divine Worship, and, in a wonderful way, turns our thoughts to Heavenly things."

In the same preface the qualities of Liturgical Music are mentioned. "Its style should be one of religious gravity; suave, yet true to its purpose; Catholic, that is, adequate to the needs of all peoples, all countries and all ages, and combining simplicity with artistic perfection."

In the *Motu Proprio* on Sacred Music we find that these qualities "are to be found in their highest degree in the Gregorian Chant, which the Church regards . . . as the supreme model of Sacred Music, and which she wishes to restore to popular use."

Nevertheless, the Church does not wish to exclude all music except Gregorian Chant, from the Liturgy, nor does she discourage the use of modern music in public worship. She recommends the Classical Polyphony of the 16th century and the use of modern compositions provided "they are not in any way profane, and do not contain melodies used in the theatre."

Although choral singing is the accepted method of the Church, yet solo singing is not completely excluded. Yet "it should not predominate in any piece to such a degree that the greater part of a liturgical text is sung as a solo." Although "Singing in the vernacular at solemn functions is forbidden," this rule does not apply to Extra-liturgical music, that is, music that is intended for functions other than the Mass or Divine Office. If custom permits it, "a motet in honour of the Blessed Sacrament may be sung after the *Benedictus* at a High Mass; and after the Offertory has been sung, the choir may sing a short motet, the text of which has been approved by the Church."

The playing of a band, a pianoforte or noisy instruments, such as drums or cymbals is strictly forbidden.

Music is often the means of the conversion of many.

Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, in Italy, writes: "Occasionally I have chanced to be in imposing processions consisting of many thousand persons. . . . And when these crowds, after having filed through the streets, with their bands playing . . . massed themselves together before an altar in the open air, on which stood a statue of the Virgin; when the well-known chant of the *Magnificat* and the *Te Deum* burst forth like thunder from the throats of those strong peasants and mountaineers, I felt as though transported from this world. . . . I saw then, certain men who were standing, looking on, almost unconsciously lift their hats—men who certainly were without faith, and who probably came to amuse themselves by laughing at the pilgrims. I saw the smile of compassion die on their lips; I saw tears come into their eyes, and I saw them, dominated as it were by some secret, irresistible force, go down on their knees amongst the people and pray with them."

If music then has that power, its importance in the Church must be great indeed—and in the opinion of the greatest musicians, Gregorian Chant is neither dry nor unmusical. Halévy says that it is "the most beautiful religious melody that exists on earth." Berlioz holds that: "Nothing in music could be compared with the effect of the Gregorian *Dies Irae*," and Mozart once said that he would be willing to exchange all his music for the fame of having composed the Gregorian Preface. Even Gervaeert, who called into question the authenticity of Gregorian Chant, says that "the chief characteristic of the Chant is that it never grows stale, as if Time had no power over it."

If some non-Catholics, then, see so much beauty in Gregorian Chant, we Catholics should see more. We should love the music of the Church, for it is a great means of giving praise to God. "*Bis orat qui bene cantat.*"

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Spiritual Privileges

All the promoters and supporters of this Magazine participate in the benefits of 434 Masses specially offered every year for benefactors, by the Passionist Fathers, as well as in the prayers and good works performed daily by all members of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion.

“We Preach
Christ
Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .
the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXXII.—JESUS SEES HIS GARMENTS DIVIDED BY THE SOLDIERS.

Immediately after Jesus was nailed to the Cross the two thieves were also crucified; but though they might shiver the air with screams of pain, no one noticed them, unless perhaps Our Blessed Lady, who as she suffered with her silent Son, might pray for these wretches who had no mother present to soothe them now, as in their babyhood when they cried.

Brave, gentle, strong Mother that Mary was, she had thrown back her veil, and now saw and participated in the sufferings, and consented to the redeeming sacrifice of her Son. John stood ready to support her . . . she needed him not. Magdalen, Mary of Cleophas, Salome, and other faithful women were around her, but they required all their own strength for themselves; and surely the Mother of such a Son had power to suffer and endure, and had reserves of strength to assist them; they needed her help, not she theirs.

The four soldier executioners now sat down at the foot of the Cross, under the eyes of Jesus, and began to divide His garments. St. John, who witnessed this, gives us the details: “The soldiers therefore when they had crucified Him, took His garments, and they made *four* parts, to every soldier a part” (four soldiers had been detailed to carry out the actual crucifixion). “Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said then one to another: ‘Let us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it, whose it shall be’” (John, XIX, 23-24).

St. John was so intimate with Jesus, that he knew that seamless garment, even to the details of its weaving, which St. Augustine says was the work of Our Lady’s own hands. The affectionate St. John had such reverence for that coat, and was so awe-stricken at the sacrilege of the soldiers casting lots for it, that he exclaims: “The soldiers indeed did these things.”

The minute care and touching concern with which St. John writes about this Coat, suggests the likelihood that he assisted in its recovery. It is possible that Mary Magdalen in her love and ardent energy, when the Resurrection was over, went after the soldier who had won it, but it is more likely that she sent John with her well-filled purse to buy the precious Coat back. It would not be much use to a soldier except to sell. At any rate and somehow, it was recovered and taken care of; for when St. Helena visited Jerusalem about A.D. 395, she secured it and brought it away with her, and presented it to the Cathedral of Thiers (now Treves), where it has been preserved ever since. This very precious relic, known as the “Holy Coat of Treves,” is the object of immense pilgrimages from all parts of the world. During the Holy Year, 1933-34, over two million pilgrims—among them some of our readers—saw and venerated this garment woven by our Blessed Lady and worn by Jesus on the journey to Calvary, and gambled for and won by a soldier who nailed Him to the Cross.

St. John, in his Gospel, lays much stress on the division of the garments,

and the casting of lots for the seamless coat, because it had all been foretold in prophecy ; and he quotes the prophecy from the twenty-first psalm : " They have parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture they have cast lots."

This prophecy and its actual fulfilment find their completion in the subsequent history of the Church. As the garments of Jesus passed from the Jews to the Romans, so the custody of the faith, the priesthood, the sacrifice, and the true worship of God passed from Jerusalem to Rome. Divided in place, the Church is over the four parts of the world, north, south, east and west, but the seamless garment of Unity indissoluble over all, is a guarantee that the Faith will be preserved in its entirety, until Faith itself shall pass away in the Beatific Vision of God.

The spoliations which the Church suffers in all ages, whether from individuals, corporate societies, or whole nations, no more affect her ultimate destiny than did the appropriation of Christ's garments by the soldiers affect the Redemption He was achieving on the Cross.

Mystically under the seamless garment the whole world has been enclosed : apostles, martyrs, priests, religious, and all grades of men and women from the monarchs on their thrones to the unnumbered millions of the working classes, strive to practice the virtues taught by Him, Who stripped Himself of all things to give us all that was His on earth and in heaven.

The division of Christ's garments while He died on the Cross has its counterpart wherever death occurs. It will happen at our death. All the worldly goods we have shall be divided and taken by others. Yea, many a man after toiling and saving up his little treasures, has lain on his bed in his last illness, and seen his room pilfered, and his possessions appropriated by those who could not wait until he was dead. And of a certainty all we have of earthly goods will be divided after our death ; and whether in a friendly way or amid quarrels and lawsuits, will pass to others. . . . But none of this will matter to us then, if we have laid up to ourselves treasures in heaven where thieves cannot break in and steal.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*In death all our worldly possessions shall be distributed among others.
Divided peacefully or bitterly after death, perhaps stolen before our dying eyes.
That will not matter to us then, but it is worth considering now.
No one gets our spiritual possessions, acquired by prayers and good works.
The soul cannot be stripped of virtues and merits accumulated here.
Lay up treasures in heaven where thieves cannot break in and steal.*

PRAYER.

O Jesus crucified, outraged, tortured, Thou didst see but possibly gave no thought to the division of Thy garments and the lottery for Thy coat that took place under Thine eyes. Infinitely greater stakes were at issue in Thy redemption of souls.

But I may notice and learn much from this otherwise trifling incident.

All that I possess here, necessities as well as luxuries, the things I have treasured, articles of devotion, or things I may have sinned for, shall be divided and distributed or burned by others at my death.

Do Thou therefore, O crucified Jesus, remove from my heart all undue attachment to the things of this world, and concentrate my desires and all my ambitions on storing up treasures for eternal life.

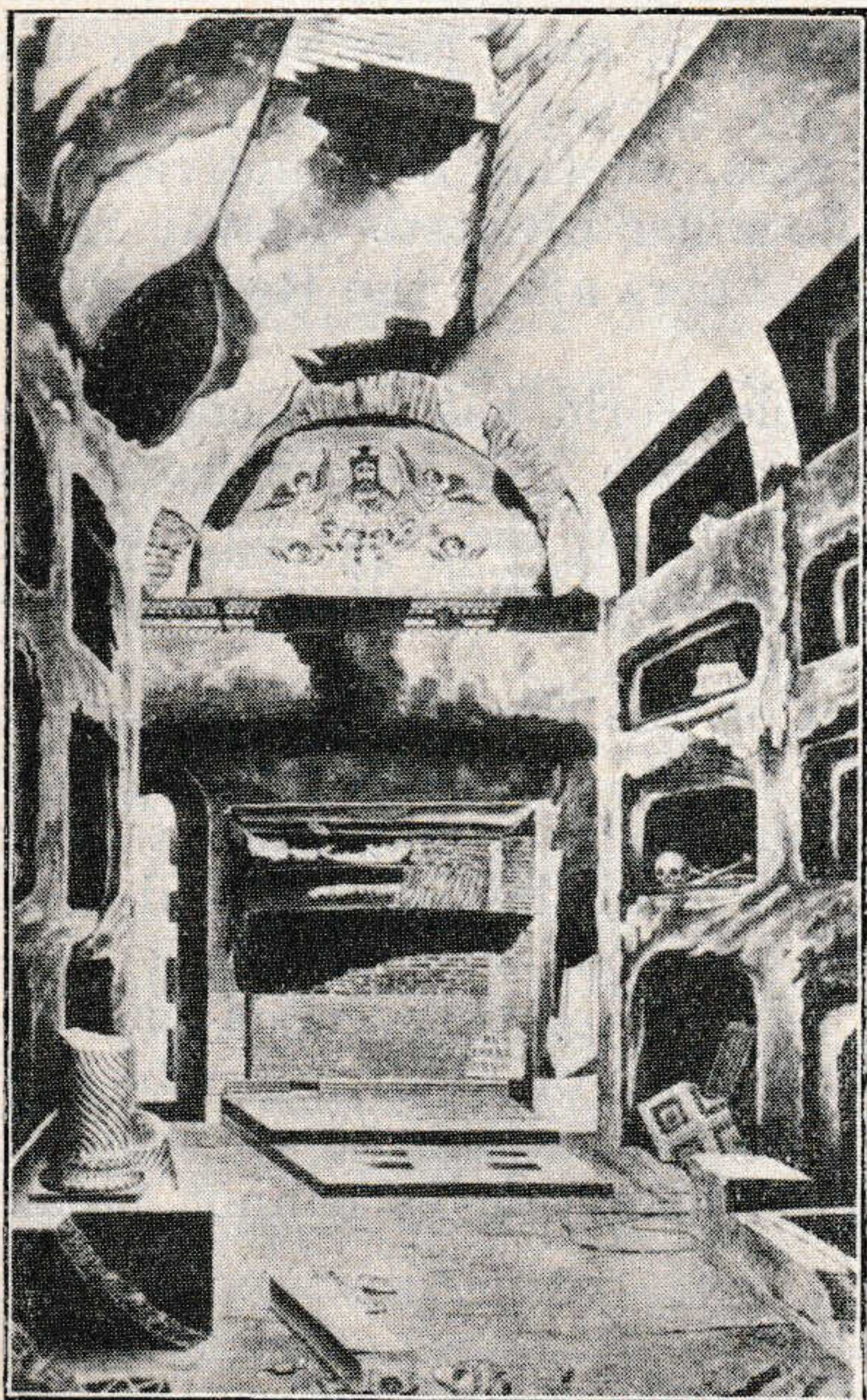
REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Mother M. Augustine Dillon, John Colgan, Margaret O'Toole, James Doyle, Elizabeth Duff, Margaret Brennan, John Carroll, Martin Hopkins.

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To visit the Roman Catacombs is a privilege and an experience not easily forgotten. We are carried back in spirit to the sad yet glorious days of the early Church. We walk with the martyrs of the Faith :: :: ::



claim to be Christ's Church. Irrefutable as her claims are, men have been found throughout the centuries to question it, but whether they were confounded or convinced, the Church still continued to "bind and to loose" as authorised by her Divine Founder.

Catacombs is the designation given to those places where the early Christians were wont to lay their dead. The word has a Greek origin, meaning to lay to sleep, compatible with the Christian conception of death. These places of sepulchre were underground in most places, and never were used as some have suggested, as places of worship; this idea may have developed from the sight of persons visiting the Catacombs and praying for their deceased ones, other than this it has no historical foundation. The word quarry occurs from time to time in the Roman Martyrologies, as a place of sepulchre, but this can be explained, that these quarries were often used as an entrance to the catacombs and not the real burial places. The Roman Catacombs are fifty in number, and total length almost 600 miles, and it has been calculated if placed in a horizontal line would outmeasure the whole length of Italy. They are not found within the city, because in 450 B.C. a law was enacted that sepulchre was forbidden within the city precincts. Few exceptions are found to this law, the principal one of Catholic interest is that of Saints John and Paul, on the Coelian

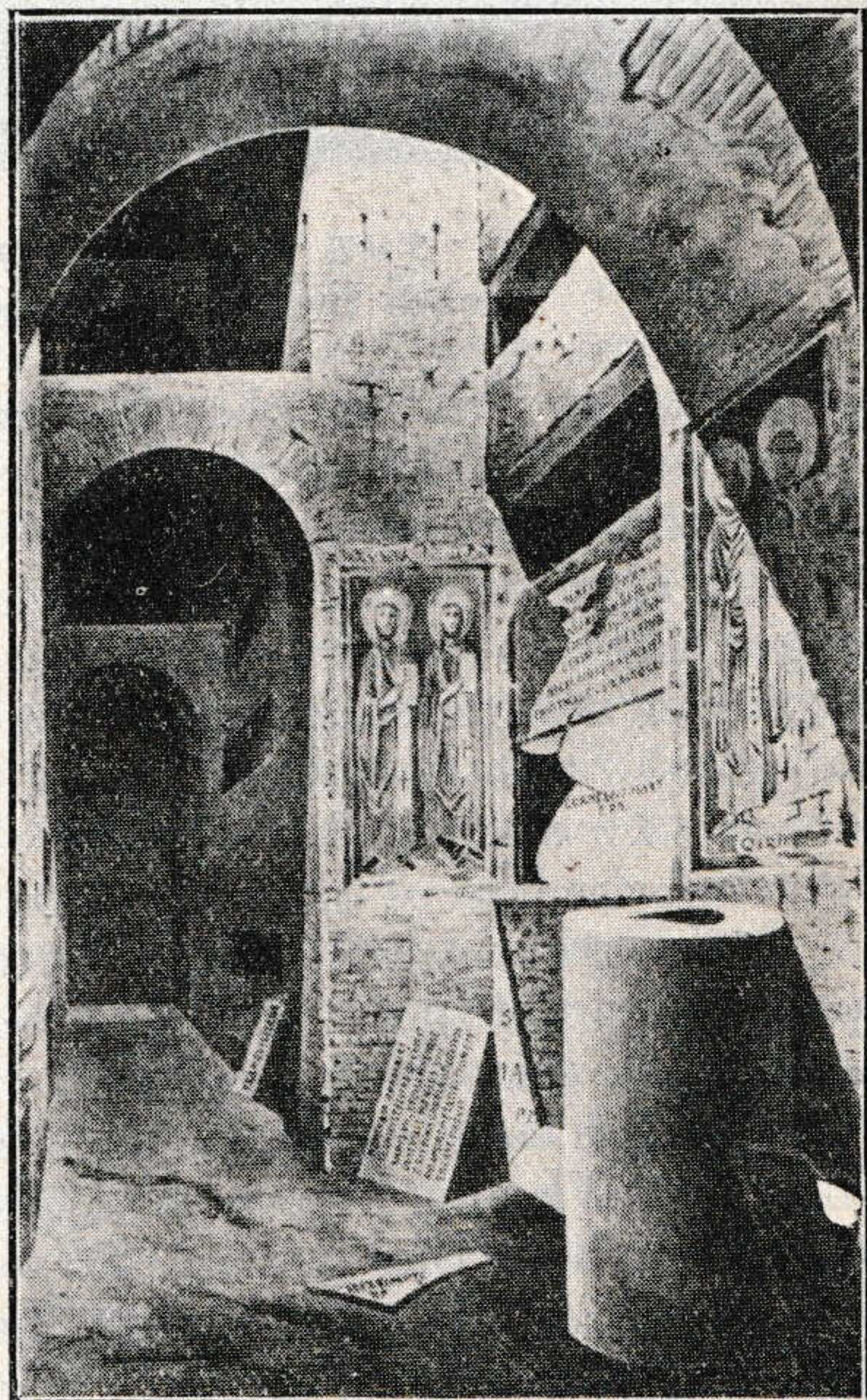
Hill, the actual scene of their martyrdom. The Roman law doubly provided for the protection of the Catacombs, firstly as private property, and secondly as cemeteries. As the number of the faithful increased the Church found it her duty to provide places where the bodies might rest to await the day of resurrection. The Catacombs in the beginning were only used by the wealthy, but when the latter became Christians and inspired by that fraternal charity that marked Christ's followers, they allowed their poorer brethren in Christ to be admitted.

The Christian religion was illegal, therefore it was difficult for Christians to have cemeteries: they founded amongst them "funerary associations," and in this fashion became recognised according to the law. However, in spite of the law, Valerian the Emperor confiscated the Catacombs in 257 A.D. and issued an edict forbidding Christians to assemble there; hence, the necessity of gaining admission to the cemeteries by quarries. Again, Diocletian, in 304, when seized with a frenzy of hatred against Christ and his followers, led him to confiscate the Catacombs. When Alaric invaded Rome in 410, the burial ground of the Christians did not escape.

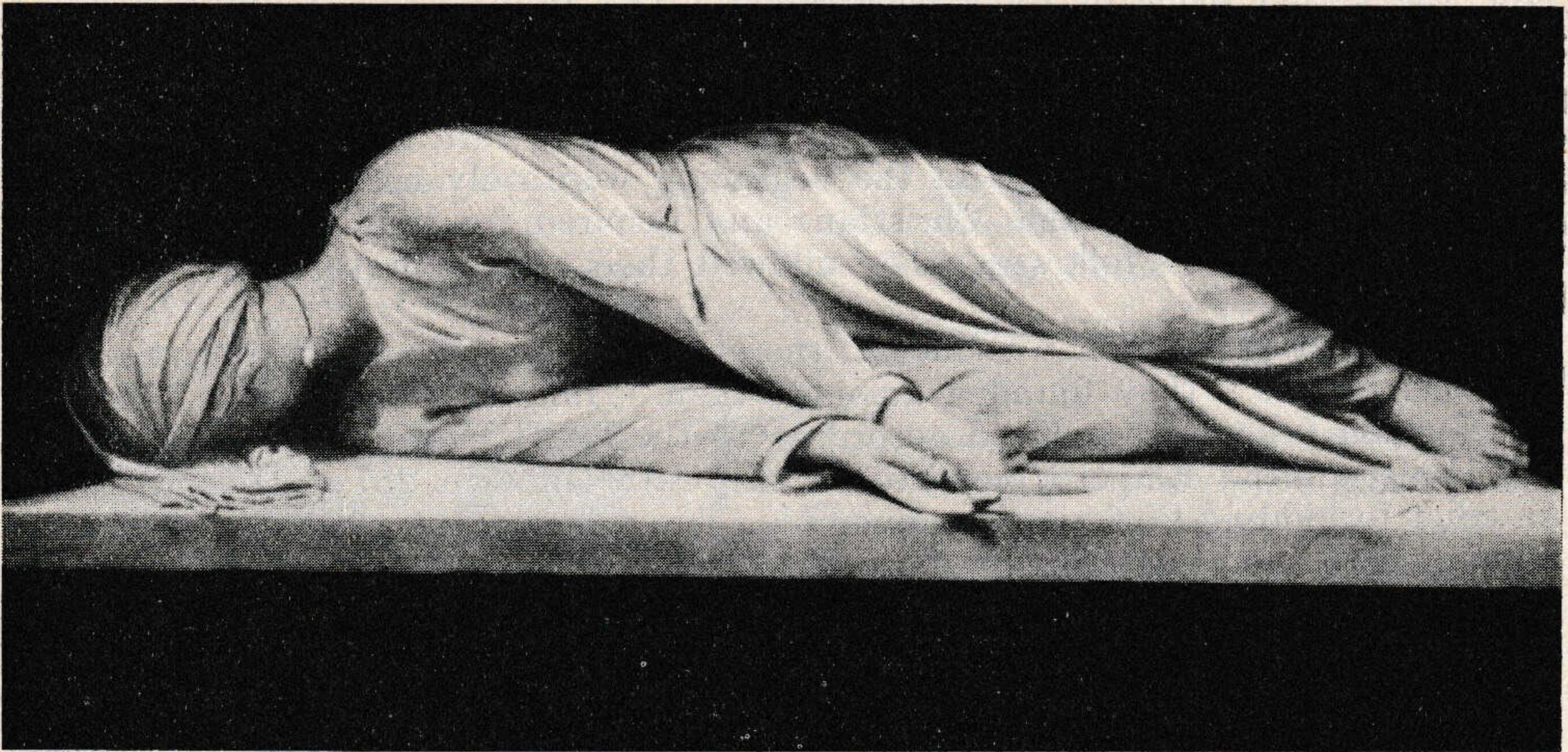
Pope Damasus is worthy of special mention for his work, and unremitting zeal and care for the ancient cemeteries. He restored crypts, adorned them with paintings and frescoes. He adorned stones and slabs with incised verse, which he had himself composed, and so saved for posterity authentic accounts of the holy martyrs and their sufferings and death. Many who died during these times of persecution asked as a special request to be laid near these holy ones who had given up their lives in defence of their Holy Faith. Again, in 755, the Christian Lombards invaded Rome, ransacked the Catacombs in search of relics of the martyrs, which they carried off with them.

To visit the Catacombs is a privilege and experience not easily forgotten. Their whole interior abounds with sights of devotion and interest. On the slabs and stones are inscriptions, which convey to you who was buried beneath them. The tomb of a martyr is recognised by the letter M or a palm and crown; virgins by V, and confessors by C, and so on. The visitor is guided through the darkness by a lighted taper or flash-torch. The monuments are of the most interest to visitors, as also the paintings and frescoes, which are many and beautiful. They easily identify the Church of to-day with the Church of the Catacombs. The inscriptions are usually connected with the glory of the future life and the resurrection.

As I write, my mind is occupied with the patroness of music, St. Cecilia. I here see her depicted by Van Eyck in beautiful garments seated at an organ, surrounded by angels, listening to a celestial choir, chanting as she plays on the keys. A maiden of noble birth, she suffered martyrdom during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. Her chaste body was at once buried in the Catacombs, and later transferred to the church built over her house. Those who have been so favoured as to have St. Cecilia for their patroness in Heaven, and who have devotion to this saint would do well to carefully examine the print which



CATACOMBS OF ST. CALLISTUS.
Chapel of St. Cornelius.



THE FAMOUS STATUE OF ST. CECILIA BY MADERNA.
 Notice the Saint's fingers making the sign of the Blessed Trinity.

accompanies this sketch. Maderna fashioned this cast from the glorified body of the saint when it was exhumed to be transferred to its present resting-place. When the executioner had dealt the final blow, the saint was allowed to remain on the spot of execution for three days, slowly bleeding to death. When no longer able to utter words, she stretched forth her delicate hands with three fingers in one extended, and one on the other, proclaiming with her last actions her great faith and devotion in the Most Blessed Trinity. So passed this pure soul to the abode of the Just. Mary, the Mother of our Blessed Lord, is often depicted: some of the oldest paintings of the Queen of Heaven are found here.

At length we could describe the wonder of the sights of the Catacombs, but space does not permit, hence we will have to content ourselves, at present at least, with this brief account. However, we can try to make others feel, as we did, carried back again in spirit to those sorrowful yet glorious days of the early Church. We can live with Agnes, Cecilia, Laurence and the numberless others who have won the crown. If we are not all called upon to die for Christ it is within our reach to live for Christ, and having lived, we may die, and enjoy Him for all eternity.

Those who visit the Catacombs would do well in their prayers to remember those poor souls who live outside the Church, and in an especial manner to pray God to give them the grace of His light and conversion. No greater rejoicement could be experienced in Heaven than the return of one of these to the Church of the Catacombs.

The House of Prayer

“My house is a house of prayer.” In every large city of our country there are numerous Catholic churches. Scarcely anyone whose occupation is in the city can go to his work without passing a church. How many visit it when they pass by? How many start from home a few minutes earlier than usual in order to visit Our Lord?

“My house is a house of prayer. If when you are passing by you will step in I will speak with you; I will look with pleasure upon your visit. The business and cares of the day will find a safe resting-place in Me, so that you will leave My presence strengthened and refreshed.” These are the words one might imagine Our Lord addressing to us.

The invitation to visit Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is a personal one. It is a personal matter between your souls and God. Just as a friend invites you to call, so Our Saviour invites you to visit Him. His house is always open. If the friend who has invited you to call has prepared for your visit, and is waiting for you you would feel ashamed to disappoint him. So it should be a cause of shame if you disappoint by not visiting Him in the Blessed Sacrament.

All Things ~ Well

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JANE FLEMING

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"Oh, look, Philip, they've got a radio" she exclaimed. She walked over and turned it on.

"Some depressing sermon or other—we can't listen to that. Let's talk!" he replied.

But a voice had cut clear and sharp across the quiet room.  
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A GROUP of girls came out of the convent chapel, and moving off along the shady walks, broke into eager conversation.

"How did you like Father O'Herlihy's breaking-up sermon? I thought it was the best of all the very good sermons he has given here in St. Monica's." Such were the remarks that could be heard on all sides as the girls made their way to recreation on a lovely June evening a few days before the long break for summer holidays.

It was customary for Sister Ignatius, the mistress of schools, to arrange for her brother, Fr. O'Herlihy, to preach a sermon to the school-girls before they broke up for the summer holidays. This sermon was especially intended for the senior girls—those who, having completed their course at St. Monica's would be leaving, some for Colleges or Universities, some to take up office training, some perhaps to return home.

This time of year never approached but Sr. Ignatius felt a very real regret at the passing on of so many whom she had guided, taught, and grown to love. She had arranged with her brother, a very famous preacher, that always when possible, he would come to the school and preach a final sermon to the senior girls. So far he had never disappointed her.

It would have been a source of great gratification to Sister Ignatius if she could have heard the remarks and comments of her girls on the final sermon. With the characteristic disregard for discipline, which is noticeable in schools during the last few days of term, the girls were wandering about the grounds in groups of three or four eagerly discussing the sermon they had just heard.

"I think," said Mary Burke, "that it was a lovely text Fr. O'Herlihy chose—'He hath done all things well'—and the way he went on to say that God would always be nearest to us at our weakest moment."

"Yes, that's what I like about it," said Kathleen Kelly, "that feeling that one is safeguarded and protected."

And so they eagerly talked until the bell rang for night prayers and bed.

A few days afterwards the old halls of St. Monica's settled down to the empty quietness of the summer months. Some girls had treaded its corridors and class-rooms for the last time. In a few months new ones would come to take their places, for the life of St. Monica's and its kind knows only youth.

* * * * *

"Is this your afternoon off, Nurse Burke? Lucky you. I wouldn't mind being free of this spot on a lovely day like this."

"Yes, I know it's a perfectly gorgeous day to be free. But cheer up, Nurse, I'm sure you'll have an equally fine afternoon. I believe London is to roast in a heat wave for the next fortnight."

Nurse Burke hurried off along the softly-carpeted corridor to the staff quarters to prepare for going out. No nurse lingered round the corridors of the Bentley Nursing Home when she was free to go where she liked. Mary Burke, however,

unlike a great many of the nurses, employed at the luxurious London nursing home, liked her work and did not live in continual anticipation of her days off duty.

She had worked at the Bentley for almost a year now, and it was on account of the brilliant qualifications she had received at her training school that Nurse Burke had been recommended to this exclusive home. She was still the success in the home that she had been in hospital. Thus she was always picked out by the Matron to act as private nurse to the most exclusive patients of that very exclusive clientele which was the Bentley's.

Mary Burke had all the attributes which go towards upholding the dignity of the nursing profession. She was competent, tactful, pleasant to look at, and had, above all, an inborn sympathy with ailing people. It was in this capacity of first-class nurse that Mary had first met Philip Ross. He was brought to the Bentley one night, a bruised and broken wreck after a bad car smash outside London. Ross was a barrister, and one to whom success had come early. Consequently, though still in his early forties, he was famous and wealthy. He was typical of the class that patronised the Bentley, and since to him special care must be given, Mary Burke was allotted the task of nursing his broken body back to life.

He hovered for many days between life and death, but once he had passed out of the danger zone and begun to improve, Mary found him a good patient. The fact that she got on well with all her patients did not mean that Nurse Burke found them all quite congenial. Some of the spoiled children of fortune who favoured the Bentley were far from being easy to please. But this could hardly be said of Philip Ross, who was always very appreciative of all that was done for him.

As he gradually grew stronger he came to watch with interest the movements of his nurse about the room. He liked to talk to her and listen to her quiet, soothing tones. He told her of his life in London, of his flat, and finally of his wife, from whom he had been divorced some six years earlier. He had lived, since the breaking-up of his menage, in a bachelor flat and knocked round again as he had done when a student. He gradually talked more and more to his nurse, and when he left the nursing home the friendship did not end.

He had called and taken her for drives and to the theatre, rung her up almost every day and sent her glorious bouquets of flowers which were the envy of all the other nurses. The others, knowing Mary to be a rather quiet girl, were surprised at this and decided among themselves that "Burke must have fallen badly." Mary, quite unconscious of the interest she was arousing, worked serenely on.

On this lovely warm Sunday afternoon in August she was preparing, as was usual of late, to go out with Philip Ross for a drive. To many who were forced to remain in London on that afternoon, the prospect of a drive in a very luxurious car, into the country, would have been alluring. Mary was no different from other girls in this respect, but to-day, her mind was too busily occupied with serious thoughts to pay much attention to the afternoon's outing.

Philip Ross had been her constant companion everywhere she went for the past few months, and now he had asked her to marry him. She was to give him her answer to-day, and she was no nearer to that answer now than she had been three days ago when they had last been together.

When Mary Burke came to London to train as a nurse she was a practising Catholic. In the final year of her training period she had made friends with a non-Catholic girl and gradually she had ceased to practise her religion. She had, however, never let anything interfere with her going to Mass on Sundays until she came to the Bentley. But when she began to nurse special cases, the Matron had not always found it convenient to release her on Sunday mornings,

and with the severing of this last tie, Mary ceased entirely to think about religion. There were no Catholics at the Bentley, and she never came in contact with any among the patients. Consequently it seemed that the question of religion would never again trouble Mary Burke.

It was only with this proposal of marriage from Philip Ross that Mary was confronted suddenly and vividly with her discarded beliefs. She had been baptised and reared a Catholic, and despite the fact that she had drifted along for some years without giving a thought to religion, she could not contemplate marriage with a divorced man without being forcibly reminded of what her position must be. She was quite well-informed and knew that to her, as a Catholic, this marriage would really be no marriage at all. But then, she wondered again, had she not left all that behind her? She was very fond of Philip Ross and was not, as so many would have been, dazzled by his position and wealth. It seemed impossible for her to contemplate life without him, yet her conscience would not frame a definite yes to his proposal.

Throughout the whole three days Mary had been tormented with doubts. Now that she was ready to go out she tried to forget it all. As she drove with Philip through the outskirts of London the glory of the summer day seemed to communicate something of its happiness to her, and she was content for a while. Ross was a very pleasant companion. He could talk well on almost any topic and was at the age to fascinate a girl in her early twenties.

They came late in the evening to a lovely little wayside cottage where Philip decided they would stop and take tea. He had been there before, and the old proprietress was very affable to one so generous as she knew Mr. Ross to be. She showed them into her little sitting-room and went off to busy herself with preparations for tea. As soon as they left the sunshine it seemed to Mary that all the old doubts and fears came crowding back into her mind. She knew that Philip would ask for her answer now before they started on the return journey to town.

Mary threw her hat and gloves on the sofa and looked round the room.

"Oh look, Philip, they've got a radio," she exclaimed, eager to cover up her nervousness in conversation. She moved over to the wireless and turned it on.

"Surely you don't want to listen to a wireless programme relayed from London since you'll be returning there in the next hour or two," he chaffed, good-humouredly. Just as he finished speaking, the radio gained volume, and a voice cut sharp and clear across the quiet room: "He hath done all things well; He hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. These, my dear brethren. . . ."

Mary Burke heard no more. Philip, who had been busy lighting a cigarette at the mantelpiece, had not seen the extraordinary change which had come over her face. As he heard the voice on the wireless he crossed the room and turned it off.

"We can't have that on; some depressing sermon or other. Let's talk." But Mary was back in mind in the chapel of a convent school listening to another voice.

She did not know how she reached London. She made some excuse of a headache and the heat, and Philip, full of concern, drove her back to the home. He could not, he decided, be selfish and demand an answer from her if she was not feeling well. At any rate he felt it would only be a matter of a few weeks until she would be his wife.

The following morning Philip Ross rang up the Bentley Nursing Home to speak to Miss Burke. Urgent business, he was informed, had called Nurse Burke away and it was not known when she would return. In a train speeding rapidly northwards Mary Burke sat wondering how she could so easily have forgotten, and marvelled at the ways of God.

P. A. C. Congress at Vienna

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H. E. THEODORE CARDINAL INNITZER,
Archbishop of Vienna.

Apostolic, and later in the day there will be a meeting of all the foreign delegations to deliberate upon the results obtained by former P.A.C. Congresses and to discuss the continuation of propaganda for peace in each country. On Sunday, August 29th, the Congress will be officially concluded at Schonbrunn with the celebration of Pontifical High Mass by H.E. Cardinal Innitzer, Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna. Amongst the notable visitors who will participate in the Congress deliberations will be the Abbé Bergey, the famous French ex-soldier priest, who is a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

It is very fitting that this fifth annual Peace Congress should be held in Vienna, one of the most important Catholic capitals of Europe. Vienna's colourful history, so rich in changes, is vividly reflected in the buildings and monuments of the town. The work of over a thousand years contributed to make Vienna what it is to-day, one of the world's most beautiful cities. Its unique character was primarily decided by the fact that it was the capital, first of the Holy Roman Empire, subsequently of the ill-starred Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and finally of the post-war Austrian Republic. It was only about 1850 that the massive bastions of the medieval fortifications gave place to the Ringstrasse, with its wealth of stately buildings and its extensive public gardens—a tremendous boulevard surpassed in beauty by few other streets in the world. In church architecture, Vienna presents a wealth of variety. The cathedral of St. Stephen is a remnant of the Romanesque and Gothic period, whilst the Minoriten Church is purely Gothic. It was, however, by the creations of the baroque period at the beginning of the 18th century that Vienna attained its actual character. The majority of its palaces and churches date from that epoch, created by the great architects Fischer von Erlach and Hildebrandt, with colourful fresco ceilings by Daniel Gran, Pozzo, Rottmayr and other famous artists. Of the modern buildings, one of the most notable is the church in Chancellor Square, with the tombs of the two Federal Chancellors, Dr. Ignaz Seipel and Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss.

Those who wish to visit Vienna to participate in the Congress are advised to communicate with the accredited agents: Messrs. Onabelt, 6 Rue du Conservatoire, Paris (9e).

ONE of the most important Catholic events listed for the month of August is the International Peace Congress of Catholic War Veterans and their Sons, which will take place at Vienna from August 26th-29th. At a time when the international outlook is far from satisfactory, and when periodic war scares tend to disturb the minds of men the value of such a gesture cannot be overestimated. The Congress has received the blessing and encouragement of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, and the present reunion is being held under the distinguished patronage of H.E. Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna, and of Doctor Schussnig, Chancellor of the Austrian Republic. An official welcome will be extended by the Austrian Government to visitors and participants in the Congress.

The programme arranged for the Congress includes some items of unusual interest. The Congress will be inaugurated by a march past the tomb of the Austrian "Unknown Soldier" and the placing of wreaths by the various national delegates, following which there will be an open-air Mass, celebrated by Mgr. Pawikowski, Chaplain-General to the Austrian Army. On Friday, August 27th, Mass will be celebrated by His Excellency, Mgr. Cicocinani, Nuncio

Straight from the Stable!

.....@.....

M. U. REIDY

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"Only that the horse fell at the last jump, I'd have pulled off a double event" said Lenihan.

"Horses always do that when you bet on them" replied Moriarty. "It's a way they have!"
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"WELL, Duffy," said Moriarty, when the former had taken his seat at the ball-alley, "are you going in for beauty culture, or has some amateur barber been performing an operation on your countenance?"

"Jimmy Finnigan has been excavating on my face with a new kind of safety-razor," replied Duffy.

"Finnigan," said Mullally, "is more of a 'bookie' than he is a barber."

"Yes," said Moriarty, "he gives tips and takes them—from the noses and chins of his customers."

"I wouldn't go next or near him," said Duffy, "only for the valuable racing hints he gives me. Finnigan's racing information is straight from the stable."

"Yes," replied Moriarty, "and I've always experienced that racing information from such a source is about as straight as a ram's horn. Do you win on his information, Duffy?"

"Sometimes," said Duffy, "but then a sporting man does not bet for the mere sake of making money. The glorious uncertainty of the sport is what attracts him."

"I understand," replied Moriarty, "you get the glorious uncertainty, and Finnigan gets the money."

"Yes, but Duffy likes it, and that's everything," said Mullally.

"Now, said Moriarty, "what Finnigan knows about horses is to me one of the great mysteries. Place a one thousand guinea thoroughbred, and a noble animal fit for the knacker, in front of Finnigan, and he sees two horses, nothing more. His barber's shop, lined with shaving-mugs and hair restorers, is nothing more than a decoy to draw human mugs to his electrocuting chair, and as he punctures their faces with a razor like a pickaxe he tells them how to grow rich and how to grow hair."

"Only that the horse went down at the last jump, I'd have pulled off a double event a fortnight ago," said Lenihan.

"Racehorses always do that, or something like it, when you bet on them," said Moriarty. "'Tis a way they have."

"I found Finnigan a bit of a sharper," said Mullally. "He guarantees that his hair mixture will make hair sprout out of a limestone wall. I used four bottles of it, and after three weeks of rubbing it in, had as much hair under my nose as you'd see on a two-weeks' old baby's eyebrow. When I went back to tell him what I thought about him he told me he couldn't guarantee more than an eye-brow if the lotion was improperly applied."

"I admit that Finnigan is a bit of a liar," said Duffy.

"Oh no, he's not," said Moriarty, "he exaggerates a little, that's all. He is one of those men who realise that truth is stranger than fiction, and, if it isn't he gives it a helping hand to make it so. A love of truth is one of Finnigan's chief characteristics. He never wastes any. He keeps it all to himself."

"I don't know about his love of truth," said Duffy, "but I know he has a love of money."

"So he has," replied Moriarty, "and to make money, he sells you, Duffy,

double events and glorious uncertainties, and he sells Mullally some liquid preparation that is supposed to fill the landscape with whiskers.

"Did you ever go in for horse-racing yourself, Moriarty?" asked Mullally.

"Yes," said Moriarty, "once upon a time a few people looked upon me as a great turf prophet. If twelve horses were entered for a race, I'd give the names of each of the twelve to people who came asking me for tips. Eleven out of the twelve were, of course, bound to lose, but they got the value of the money they lost in glorious uncertainty."

"The first time I ever backed a horse on my own account was a great disappointment to me. I went up to a betting-man at the races, a fat, loud-voiced, jolly-looking philanthropist, with a chess-board suit and a dog-chain watch-guard. He was offering ten to one on the field, and I thought he'd wreck his face by the manner in which he bellowed forth the fact to all and sundry. The genuine look of the man, and his transparent honesty in attaching his name and address to a big placard which he stuck in his hat-band, led me to go up to him with a pound-note which was burning a hole in my pocket.

"What are you on?" he shouted, or words to that effect.

"On the field," I shouted back to him, not having the slightest idea of what the expression meant at the time.

"When the race was over I rushed up to where I left my betting gentleman, but I only found the barrel he had been standing on, with his name and address on top of it. On looking round I saw him making for the road, and I caught up to him as he was jumping on a car.

"My money!" says I.

"What money?" says he.

"You gave me ten to one on the field," says I.

"Quite right, my boy," says he, "but I'm not on the field now—I'm on a car."

And with that he drove off like a flash, and that was the last I saw of him."

"My first experience on the turf was just as disappointing as yours, Moriarty," said Mullally. "One day Jenkins told me that he was laying ten bob on a horse that was bound to win. He had a wire from the stable, he told me. I gave him a half-sovereign of mine to put on the same animal. The horse didn't win, but Jenkins did, for I discovered later that he kept my ten bob in his pocket, and never handed it to the betting man at all. He knew the horse he gave me was bound to lose."

"Did you remonstrate with him?" asked Moriarty.

"I did," replied Mullally, "with a cricket-bat."

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The Precious Blood

When Mary, our sweet Lady stood
Anguished to see the Precious Blood
Fall drop by drop upon the ground—
Oozing from torn and livid Wound
Inflicted by men's vicious spears—
Each drop she mingled with her tears!

Could sweeter mingling ever flow
On tragic hearts of men below?
Could holier chrism ever lie
To cure the world's sad leprosy
Than that which such a union bears—
The Precious Blood and Mary's Tears?

O holy Dew! O healing Rain!
Besprinkle this sad earth amain—
In this wild hour of pagan strife
While crudest blasphemy is rife—
Let us in faith beneath the Rood
Implore anew the Precious Blood!

The Passing of Mary Pat

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K. ROSS

Very gently, with hands that trembled, he drew back the coverings and gazed on his son. But the blue eyes did not open; and Pat knew that they would never smile on him again :: ::

LONG before the fish-cart comes into sight in the most distant part of the shore road, the clarion call resounds: "Herrings alive! Mackerel alive!" Away up in the mountains, over the bog, it rings; and Biddies and Katies take up their baskets and make for the head of the "loanen" where it gives on to the highway. Through the village streets the mighty voice is wafted, and housewives wash their plates and set them ready near the door. Undoubtedly Pat Muldooney had a throat of brass and a chest deep as the deepest diapason.

"Sure there's 'Herrings Alive'," cried Mrs. Doyle, in a fidget, "an' I niver bethought me it cud be Friday was upon us again."

But the Fridays in Mr. Muldooney's calendar occurred whenever he had a cart full of fish to dispose of.

He had several infallible ways of selling his wares. He would go to the houses of the "quality":

"Sure, I'm afther meetin' Miss Mary in the town, an' she bid me lave ye in these two fine lobsters, and would ye give me the five shillings for me throuble."

Or it would be mackerel that he would take to the doctor's back door.

"Sure, mackerel is mate intirely, ma'am" he would assure Mrs. Doctor, who had a growing young family, "not but what the likes of yez would be pollutin' the Friday. Innercent Friday mate is mackerel and food for childer sent by God Hissself. Thruppence each they are, an' fine at that, an' 'tis six ye'll be nadin'? Glory be till Heaven, ma'am, make it the dozen an' 'tis only 3s. 6d. for yerself, seein' 'tis the lady ye are."

And to His Reverence:

"Sure, Father, 'tis a blessed Fast day this is, amber day an' all. Ye'll be nadin' the herrin' till yer tea."

But Fr. Doyle's ember days did not occur quite so frequently as Pat's; though he never failed to relieve him of a herring or two, because—well, because he had reason to be sorry for Pat Muldooney.

He was a fine, upstanding fellow, was Pat, and his cart did not always contain fish only. The Border was not very far away, and Pat was obliging, but there—it doesn't do to give our friend away. He would spend the day in and about the village crying his wares in his musical, stentorian tones till his stock was exhausted and it was time to turn his nag's head towards the distant hut he inhabited on the sea-shore, and to perch himself upon his empty cart.

Empty? The cart of "Herrings Alive" was never empty.

In a box in front of the vehicle lay the greatest treasure he possessed—his crippled child. The sadly-pinched face smiled out over the rags which covered the poor twisted limbs. Unsightly coverings, no doubt; but, as is nearly always the case with the children of the Irish poor, its little body was spotless. For though the outside trappings may be tattered and dingy, the bodies of the children of Ireland are clean and sweet. No one knew whether Muldooney's son possessed the light of reason; for he had never spoken. But the father talked to him as he trudged along by the cart's side, or perched in front, on the homeward journey; and the little one smiled and gazed up with his great blue eyes.

"Wait till I tell ye how we'll do some day, you and me," Pat would recount. "Listen ye, while I tell ye. I'll take ye till thon places in furrin parts where they make the cures where the dear Blessed Mother of God herself appears and lays her hand upon folk same as her own Son did wance an' He thravellin' the earth. An' ye'll be leppin' same as anny wan, ye will, an' I'll send ye till the grand school for to git the larnin'. An' I'll make a praste of ye, so I will, an' 'tis me'll larn for to sarve yer Mass same as Jim Dolan sarves His Reverence's above. An' 'tis you an' no other will anoint me whin I'm dyin' an' close the eyes of me in death. Och, Mary Pat! I'm thinkin' 'tis a Bishop itself they'll be makin' of ye some day, an' 'tis I'll be kneelin' for to git kissin' of the ring on yer poor wee hand what's so crool and crooked to-day."

And Mary Pat would smile. He couldn't stir, poor wee mite, but he always smiled, and rarely cried.

In his youth, Pat Muldooney had been wild and bad. A savage beat when he was "in the drink"—wicked, even when he was more or less sober. What made gentle Mary Brady take him for better or for worse, when she must have known so well it would be for the latter? He loved her in a brutish way, but he abused her and kicked her about, so that she bore him a twisted, mis-shapen son. And, with her hand in his, and with her poor, failing voice, begging him to forgive her her shortcomings—poor foolish soul—she died.

Poor Mary Muldooney! It is probable that her sweet death obtained what her feeble life never could have. From the day she left him, her Pat was a changed man. Never another taste of drink passed his lips. Care of the crippled child made him gentle—he could not curse with those innocent eyes upon him. He lived with Mary Pat—as he would call the child—in the miserable hut where the mother had so pitifully died; he would suffer no one to share the sacred trust of Mary's child. God alone knows what he learnt at the innocent baby's side, the lessons imparted by the sight of the maimed body—injured by himself—and God alone knows the sweetness of love which filled his contrite heart.

* * * * *

It was Micky Donelly who told him of the little shrine of Mary far away in the Kilmoran Mountains where they were bringing their lame and their sick to be cured; of the saintly old priest there who said Mass on the rock over the well whose waters belonged to Our Lady. Folk heard Mass and bathed in the cleansing stream, and lo! they were healed. All of them cured, maintained Micky, and came leaping down the hillside praising God and His holy Mother. Mass was said at five o'clock—almost dark, at this time of year, and by the time dawn was breaking, you took your plunge into the icy pool—and you were cured. Saturday was the day—the Blessed Virgin's own Saturday.

There wasn't much time. Pat would have liked to see Fr. Doyle and got his blessing, but he had to be starting to get to the shrine for Saturday's Mass.

It was Friday—the quay was packed with herrings and mackerel, and the carts were lined up as their owners bargained for the fish. Pat Muldooney's horse was harnessed too, but the cart was spick and span, the only box it contained was that in which lay the smiling cripple child.

It was a long trek, and Pat had to walk most of the way, for the road was rough, like the Way of the Cross the dear Lord had once trodden, though surely this was far, far longer. When he had the breath to spare, Pat talked to his child, or lapsed into the familiar "Hail Mary," and passed the time thus between laughing and praying. That night, the pilgrims slept under the shadow of Kilmoran's mountain. In the morning, they heard Mass, then the child's tender, deformed body was placed in the cleansing waters and wrapped up lovingly again and laid once more in the box.

During all the weary journey home, Pat never dared to look at his child, he spoke no word to him, but he said his beads aloud, and every now and then

he thought he heard someone answering the prayers. Late that night he reached his hut. Very gently, with hands that trembled, he took the precious box from the cart, and drawing back the coverings, he gazed at his son. The blue eyes were closed, but a very sweet smile lingered upon the baby face. And then he saw that the tiny hands were clasped together, that the mis-shapen limbs were straight and comely, with the rounded curves of infant beauty.

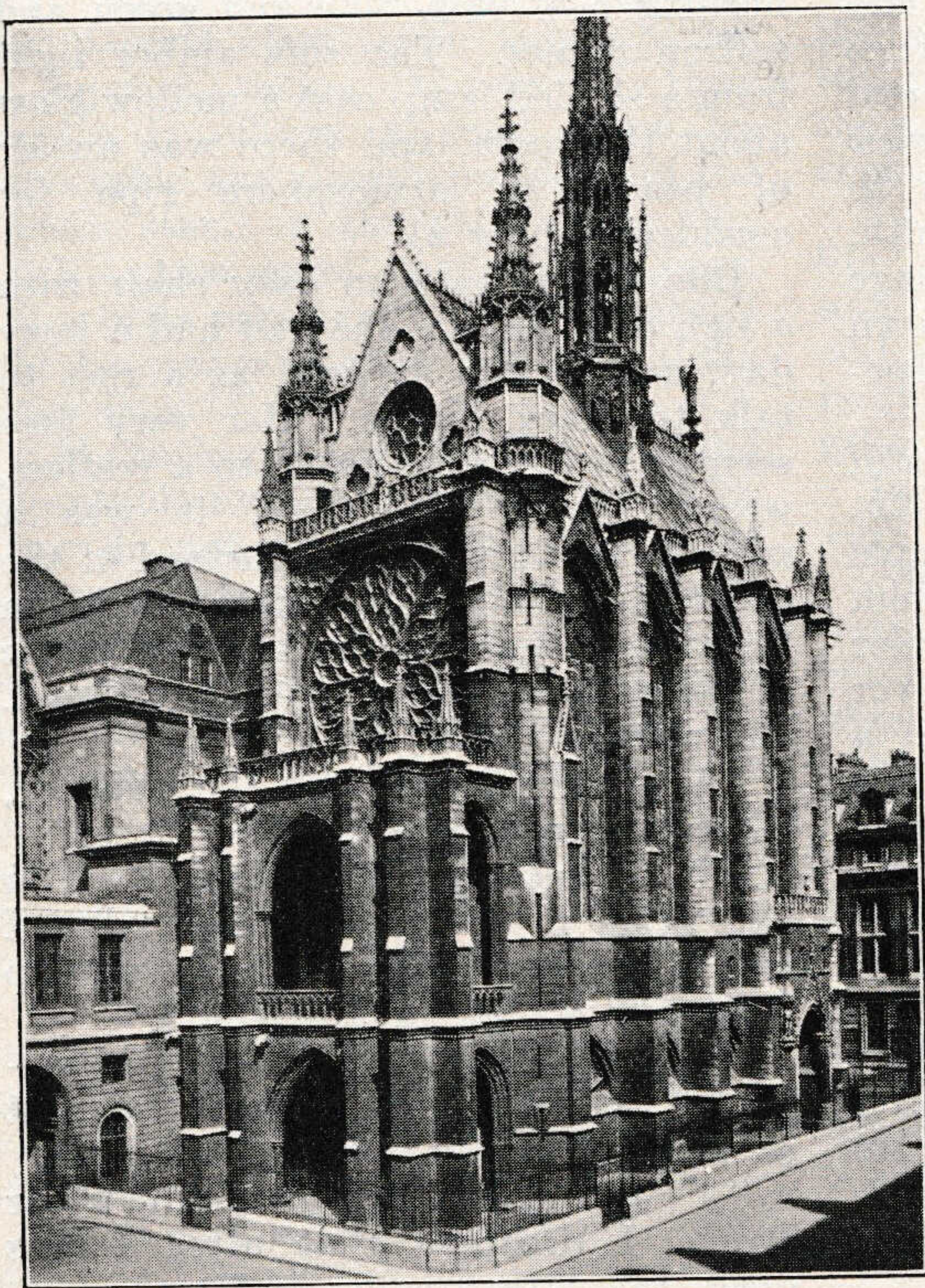
But the blue eyes did not open; and Pat knew that they would never smile upon him again. * * * *

The call of "Herrings Alive" re-echoes on the mountain-side over the bog, and Biddies and Katies seize their baskets and make for the "loanen." Down in the village the summons brings the housewives to the door of their houses with clean plates, while in the homes of the "quality," cooks bargain for lobsters, and the doctor's wife tries not to be landed with a dozen mackerel when she only wants six.

And in the evening, Pat Muldooney clatters down the road homeward—with an empty cart.

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Cantoria at the Sainte Chapelle, Paris



LA SAINTE CHAPELLE,
Palais de Justice, Paris.

EVERY visitor to Paris must surely remember that perfect gem of Gothic architecture, the *Sainte Chapelle*, situated within the precincts of the Palais de Justice on the left bank of the Seine. Built by St. Louis, King of France, in 1245-48 for the reception of precious relics of the Passion—since removed to the Cathedral of Notre Dame—the *Sainte Chapelle* is acknowledged to be one of the finest specimens of decorated Gothic in existence. With justice has it been styled "an effective realisation of the undefined aspirations of the soul, an artistic ideal of grace and purity of style which must forever remain unequalled."

By special permission of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Holy Mass will be celebrated in the *Sainte Chapelle* at 12.15 on Sundays during the period July-September as follows: July 18th and 25th; August 8th and 22nd; September 5th and 19th. During Mass the *Schola Cantorum* will perform the music of the "*Maistres Musiciens en la Sainte Chapelle*" and other contemporary composers, restored according to the ceremonial ritual of the 13th and 18th centuries. The accompaniment will be played upon the antique instruments, used in former ages for the accompaniment of the religious chant. Amongst these will figure lutes, viols, gambes, hautbois, *flutes a bec*, clavecin, harp and organ; whilst a specially augmented choir of men and boys will interpret the compositions of

the great musicians of the *Sainte Chapelle*. The performance will take place under the direction of M. Jules Meunier, organist of Ste. Clothilde.

A further interest will be added to the proceedings in that the old antiphonaries of the 15th and 16th centuries will be utilised; whilst the choir dress of men and boys will be a replica of that worn by ecclesiastical chanters in the early Christian ages. Thus it is hoped to recapture effectually the spirit of those bygone days, and the whole ceremony will be a facsimile of the ceremonies which took place in the *Sainte Chapelle* in the days when St. Louis was King of France.

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER VIII.—*The Finding of the Pearl.*

SIX months went by peacefully, like a quiet stream flowing through green meadows, sheltered from adverse winds. Diana's position on the *Daily Review* was now more comfortable and secure. Her success was a never-ending source of delight to her chief, Mr. Charles Arrowsmith. Her column was spoken of in good terms by the highest in the town's literary circles. The pictures drawn of her supposed appearance amused her greatly. Many were under the belief she was of the male sex, while most people thought of her as a pleasant-faced, white-haired lady in the late sixties, with a long and deep experience of life. Very few were in the real secret. The Editor of the *Daily Review* would gladly have proclaimed her to the world as Mrs. Charles Arrowsmith, for he renewed his proposal of marriage at frequent intervals to be turned down just as regularly by his adored, hopeless love.

Diana worked, and Maggie still remained the angel of her hearth, looking after the wants of three people quite tirelessly and efficiently. John Peter Paul grew big and strong under her maternal care. He had never given his mother or his nurse a moment's qualm since the hour of his birth. He slept and ate and now was beginning to talk to himself in some wonderful language which only he and a million other cherubs understood. His blue-lined cradle, fixed while the weather was good in a sunny corner of the porch, was the mecca of faithful worshippers among the villagers. He thrived and grew strong and well, while every day his mother drooped and faded just a little more.

That was a sore point with Diana. Every skill and care in medicine and nursing was hers, and yet she was drifting into eternity before their very eyes. Maggie would leave the sickroom with the tears streaming down her kind face. There was nothing to be

done, for she was beyond the doctor's aid. Every Friday morning Father Blandford called and performed some mysterious rite which seemed to bring wondrous consolation and happiness to Mary Norris. If she had been acquainted with the art of prayer, or known any prayers to say, Diana would have said them now.

One afternoon in late December, Diana was paying her patient a little visit. The sick room looked more than usually cosy and inviting, with a bright fire of driftwood, carted from the shore miles away, and dried, and burning now with blue and green and saffron flames. The soft amber light from a shaded lamp cast a mellow glow about the room, and there was an air of peace, an atmosphere ripe for confidence, over all.

Diana sank into an easy chair with a sigh of content. She had had a busy day, and it was as good as a rest to talk to Mary Norris. Her very face seemed to emanate peace to a restless, weary heart. Therefore, it was a surprise to Diana to see, instead of the usual quiet smile of welcome, tears in the deeply-sunk eyes, and little beads of sweat standing out on her forehead. She rose in alarm.

"Is there anything the matter, Mary? Are you in pain?"

"It is nothing really, Diana. You will think me crazy, no doubt, but I was asleep and dreaming and woke up from my dream in a fright."

"What on earth were you dreaming?" asked Diana, secretly aghast at her pallor.

"I was dreaming of John Peter Paul. I dreamed that after I was dead, my father came and took him, and brought him up a Protestant. I expect I dreamed this because the thought of it has never left my mind since I knew I was going to die soon." She said this so simply, calmly, that Diana was shocked.

"Then you are not afraid of death?"

"The only thing I am afraid of is—
is leaving him. Death is for me a relief, and a reunion. But for the baby, I should die well content."

"Don't distress yourself, Mary. Write a will, directing a competent guardian for your child, a respectable body like the Child Welfare Association or the Society for the Orphans of Gentlemen. Believe me, these children cared for by State-aided institutions are much better reared, and receive a better education than most parents can afford."

"Ah, don't you see the danger of that?" Mary Norris raised herself with difficulty. "If it were only the material side I should not care. These institutions are admirable in every way; but they are charitable, that is, they depend upon public subscriptions to support them. If one of their charges is offered a good home by respectable and decent people, will the officials stand in the child's way?"

"No, I suppose not," said Diana, still a little perplexed. "But wouldn't that be rather a good thing for John Peter Paul?"

"My father is considered a just and respectable man by all who know him. They do not know that his sense of justice is warped by bigotry. I have never forgotten the letter he sent me the day of Paul's funeral, the letter that was partly responsible for my loss of memory. He said worse was to follow. Every word of that letter is written on my heart, Diana, even though I have promised to forgive and forget."

"You are worrying yourself unnecessarily," said Diana, trying to soothe her. "Why, your father cannot know where you are, and he must be ignorant of John's birth."

"You do not know my father," said Mary. "He knew all about Paul's accident and my poverty. I know, and this with the greatest possible conviction, that he wants to get my son into his hands so that he can rear him a Protestant. It would be the most perfect complete revenge he could concoct."

"He cannot lay a finger on him while you are both in my care," said Diana, indignantly. "After all, this is my house, and possession is nine points of the law. Can you imagine your father getting past Maggie?"

A wan smile flickered across Mary's face and died.

"Don't you see, Diana, that after I am dead anything may happen?" cried Mary, distractedly. "Listen!" she said, and gripping Diana's hand with sudden energy. "Will you take my baby—will you adopt him legally, so that none but you will have a right to lay a hand on him—oh will you, Diana?"

"Calm yourself, Mary, I beg of you," said Diana, rising. She went to the table and poured out a small glass of the stimulant ready there. She did this to gain a moment to recover from the astonishment this sudden proposal engendered.

"I know I could trust you with my life," went on Mary, as though there had been no interruption. "If you will promise me solemnly to adopt my baby, so that my father can never take him, I'll die happy."

Diana sat down again, and spoke very earnestly.

"Mary, you don't realise just what you are asking of me. If this adoption was concerned only with material things I should not hesitate, I should take your baby for his own sake. But then, you are a Catholic; he is baptised one, while I—well, I don't know just what I am—nothing positive anyway—the main thing is that I am not a Catholic. How then can I be a fit guardian for your little boy, to secure him in a religion I know nothing about? Wouldn't Maggie make a more fitting guardian?"

"Maggie is up in years. You are young. I would rather trust him with you, for somehow I know you would be faithful. You know nothing of the Faith, yet it is easily learnt. You would see he is properly instructed when the time came, and guard for him what I hold more precious than his life."

SHE stopped suddenly and leaned back, closing her eyes. The effort to speak had exhausted her, and as she looked at the thin, spent features, Diana saw there an appeal more eloquent than any words. Deep in her heart she felt Mary's fears to be groundless; but the fear of her father's persecution had become an obsession with her. Distraught, pain-racked, she would have to suffer this anxiety of mind until death mercifully stilled all pain forever. Was it fair for her to allow another human being to suffer so, when one little word would spare her?

The deep-set, sunken eyes of Mary Norris were circled by the shadow of her long black lashes. The mouth had a pitiful droop at the corners, yet was firmly closed, as though saying the will to fight was still there. Diana bent down and kissed her tenderly.

"Let me have this night to think it over," she whispered. "It is a big decision, and I must have time to decide what is best for both of us."

In Maggie's little room off the kitchen John Peter Paul lay asleep. Diana stood and looked at the child whose coming was to bring such momentous changes into several lives. His sleek, dark head rose out of a pink shawl; his satin-smooth skin and the way he had of smiling gently in his sleep were things that went straight to her heart. She wanted this delightful child to be in her home always. Quain and its people had become used to him; what would she do without him if she turned down his mother's request?

That night she went over the problem from every angle. Mary Norris valued the Faith so highly that she was willing to entrust her child to a stranger who was faithful, rather than to those of her own flesh and blood who were of an alien persuasion. It was more to her than anything else on earth. If she took the baby and promised to rear him a Catholic, and guarded him from his unscrupulous grandfather, Mary would die content—nay, utterly happy. Yet, as she had said to Mary but a short time ago,

who was she to have the guiding and training of a child's mind? Lines she had read somewhere came back now to her mind:

. . . . but there are wanderers in the
middle mist
who cry and clutch at shadows. . . .

What did she know of this abstract, intangible thing they called the Catholic Faith? She believed in God, or at least, she knew there was a First Cause, a Supreme Being responsible for the earth and everything and person on it. At school this Supreme Being was always spoken of as the Lord. She had learned from some source or another that the Lord came on earth and lived as a Man for some years, and at last was put to death by the people He had come to save. She had a vague notion too there was a Lady somewhere in the background of the Man's life, a Lady serene and very lovely, whom Catholics had invested with great supernatural powers. Beyond these vague notions she knew nothing of the religion or its practice. She had been in church only at fashionable weddings; she had kept the ten commandments, not as such, but because they happened to be part of the rules laid down for correct behaviour on the part of a lady. She had never prayed in her life, chiefly because she knew no prayers, or to whom she must address them.

. . . . there are wanderers in the
middle mist
who cry and clutch at shadows. . . .

If only there was something concrete to lay hold of! If only this terrible loneliness did not descend upon her heart!

OF course, she could take the child, see he was brought up a Catholic and leave the whole matter there; but she was honest to the core, and there was something that sickened her honest heart in this half-measure. . . . It was like a treachery, a betrayal. No, if this bargain had to be made it was to be done honourably. She must seek

this Faith, learn it, know it intimately by heart before she could transmit it to another.

If she took John, it would mean the sacrifice of her freedom. Suddenly, she felt the blood recede from her heart in a swift tide. She rose and pulled aside the curtains; she looked at the cold whiteness of the frost-bejewelled meadows under the moon. The bare, open landscape calmed her fast-beating heart a little and she was glad. It had been so stupendous that thought, so overwhelming, that for a moment her breath had been taken away.

Sacrifice. . . Reparation. . . Atone-ment. . .

When had she thought of these things last? The night Charles Arrow-smith had asked her to marry him and she had refused. It was suddenly clear as noonday. The burden of this child, the care of his faith and morals, the anxiety and possible suffering she would endure, all this was to atone for her father's weakness and defection and his last despairing crime. She was not responsible for the sins of her parent, yet, she felt that if she might atone for his suicide a peace would come upon her heart—that once more she could claim kinship with ordinary happy men and women. Was this peace to be gained by half-measures? No. She saw that, too. There was no use in looking after the child's material welfare and leaving his teaching in the Catholic religion to others.

On an impulse, she went downstairs and into the sickroom. Mary was not asleep. She was lying there with her eyes shut, but her lips were moving, and there was a string of beads twined among her fingers.

"I could not wait until morning," said Diana. "I have thought the matter over very carefully, and I will do what you want. I shall ask for instruction in the Faith so that I can teach John myself when he is old enough. I wouldn't dare leave it to another."

The radiance that swept across Mary Norris' face was like the bloom on a

newly-opened rose. Looking at her, Diana felt hot tears sting her own eyes.

"Oh, I knew you would!" whispered her patient. "I have been lying here asking Our Lady to help me, and you come along to-night with your answer. Oh, it's wonderful! May God bless you, Diana!"

"It is only fair to tell you, although," went on Diana, "that I am asking for instruction in your Faith not because I think it is the right one or that I believe in it, or anything like that; it is merely that I wish to be qualified to teach John when the time comes."

Mary Norris looked at her for a long moment, but she did not speak. She appeared like one too tired to dispute the matter with Diana; and with the assurance of fidelity to the promise, all anxiety left her. During those days she lay like one drifting down a swift yet noiseless stream that awaited but a high tide to bear it out to sea; and presently, the high tide was in.

IN the early hours of the new-born year, Mary Norris died. As she had so often prophesied, she died peacefully, without a struggle, like one falling asleep. The lines of pain and care, smoothed now by Death's kind hands, left her face with an astonishingly youthful look, if one did not see the white hair over her temples. Father Blandford was with her to the end, and on the evening preceding the funeral day, six stalwart villagers bore the frail coffin on their shoulders to the village church. Diana, following, saw they laid the coffin on trestles before the altar; some prayers were said, and presently, all withdrew. She paused at the door for a last look. There was something regal, impressive, in the sight. The darkened church. The ruby gleam from a bowl suspended from the roof before the altar. The pale hue of the marble background, and the coffin, about which stood six tall candles, like sentinels on guard. "He is there." Maggie's words came back. Well, He was there now, behind that little golden door, and Mary Norris was there in her coffin at His

Feet; and there was something at once right and satisfying about the thought of these two, together, alone.

They had to clear the snow to make a path to the grave where they laid her next day. Misery and gloom were connected inseparably in Diana's mind with funerals, and she had ever hated the morbid way they dwelt on the definite end death put to everything. Here at the graveside, she received a pleasant surprise. Father Blandford, in the prayers he said, made constant reference to another life beyond death's dark stream. She conned the phrases in her mind to dwell on them.

"... I am the Resurrection and the Life." "For unto thy faithful, life is changed, not taken away. . ." "An eternal dwelling is prepared for us. . ." There was even a reference to "We who are left," and "they whom the certainty of dying afflicteth, the promise of future immortality may console. . . ."

When it was over, Father Blandford greeted her smilingly.

"John Peter Paul remains with you, Miss Stainsforth, so Mrs. Norris told me," he said. "The child will be a great joy to you one of these days."

"He is a joy now, Father Blandford, and I hope he will continue so. By the way, I was coming to call on you, but I may as well tell you my errand now, as it is a brief one. I want to receive instruction in the Catholic religion."

SHE had the queer, absurd feeling that Father Blandford ought to throw up his hat, or give some such evidence of joy on hearing these words. In books she had read, there was always reference made to the great zeal with which the Roman Catholic Church pursued converts. Father Blandford smiled, an interested, polite little smile, as though waiting further enlightenment. Otherwise, he remained his usual, placid self.

"Why do you wish to receive instruction, Miss Stainsforth?" he asked.

"Well, Father, I promised Mrs.

Norris, to set her mind at peace, that I will bring up her son, as his legal guardian; I have to see that he will never be taken to a public institution, and safeguard his Faith as a Catholic. Well, I am not a Catholic; but if I receive instructions, I can easily pass the teaching on to John when he is old enough."

"Do you believe that Christ, the Son of God, came on earth to found a Church and that the Roman Catholic Church is that body, entrusted with the revelation and teaching of His doctrines?"

She looked at him, straight in the eyes.

"Well, Father, to be quite honest, I am afraid I don't. You see, I have never given much thought as to the rights and wrongs of the claims of any church; I merely wish instruction so as to be able to teach."

"A very laudable reason, Miss Stainsforth, but I'm afraid it won't do," said Father Blandford, still smiling, but with an inscrutable expression in his wise, kind eyes.

Diana feared she had not heard aright.

"There is only one reason why a convert is admitted to instruction in the Faith," he went on. "The convert must be entirely and absolutely convinced that there is only one Faith revealed by God, and that it rests in the Church He came to found."

"But—but what am I to do? I never dreamed there would be all this complication—I thought it would be very simple."

"Indeed, it is very simple, as you will realise when you know better. Please don't think too much about the matter at all; but I would advise you to pray quite a lot—just in your own words—to be guided to do what is right. Come and see me just when you will. That is all. Good-bye, Miss Stainsforth."

Diana stood still, looking after his tall, erect figure, until it was swallowed in the deepening gloom.

NEXT MONTH: CHAPTER X.—

"Defender of the Faith."

~ From Our Post Bag ~

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Blackfriars School,
Laxton, Stamford,
England.

26/6/37.

DEAR REV. FATHER,

His Eminence Cardinal Pacelli has addressed to the Master General of the Order of Preachers a letter in which he informs him that His Holiness the Pope "encourages and blesses the UNION OF PRAYER FOR PEACE . . . and all those who have given or shall in the future give their names to it."

I shall be most grateful if you will give publicity to this news, which confers on the Union a new character and importance. It will, I hope, give rise to a new and wider effort of co-operation. The membership is at present approaching the 10,000 mark; but this total is all too small. As the hope of establishing the reign of justice and charity among the nations of the world only seems to become more and more remote; so the need of concerted prayer on the part of all Catholics becomes more and more imperative. His Holiness the Pope by his encouragement has emphasized this fact, and given the work of the Union a new impetus: it remains with us to advance that work more and more, so that, under the Pope's patronage, it may really become a *universal* daily prayer and monthly Mass for the building up of Christ's Kingdom.

I am, Rev. Father, yours very truly,

GERALD VANN, O.P.

(Enclosure)

UNION OF PRAYER FOR PEACE.

The realization of the motto of the Pope: *The peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ*, must be the hope and the ambition of every Catholic; and however we may differ as to the natural means to be employed in working for that end, there can be no room for disagreement, in these days especially, as to the essential importance of the supernatural means, the duty of prayer. It is desirable that this prayer should be, as far as possible, corporate; and to this end it is suggested that Catholics enrol themselves in a Union of Prayer, by promising to say, every day, at least one decade of the Rosary or its equivalent, or, for small children, the *Hail Mary* three times. We shall be praying, not merely for the absence of war, but for the peace of Christ, the unity which comes of justice and charity both among the different sections of society in our own country and among the nations of the world. Once a month, Mass will be offered for this intention, and that all members may share together in it, the register of their names will be placed upon the altar. For this purpose, those who are willing to join in this work are asked, as sole condition of membership, to send their

names on a postcard to: FR. GERALD VANN, O.P., Blackfriars School, Laxton, Stamford.

This Union has received the full approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster and of His Lordship the Bishop of Northampton.

* * * *

A WORD OF THANKS.

St. Vincent de Paul Society,
No. 6 Ward,
James's Street, Dublin.
26th June, 1937.

DEAR REV. FATHER,

We are deeply grateful for the back numbers of *The Cross* which you so kindly sent us.

The distribution of this literature amongst the poor in the infirmary has done a great deal of good, thanks to you and other benefactors. The patients have little else to read during their leisure time, and the constant reading of good literature, such as *The Cross* has a great effect upon them. The stories and topical articles in *The Cross* render it a general favourite.

Again thanking you for your very generous gift.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM A. RYAN.

* * * *

A PLEA FOR REVERENCE.

Dublin,
10th July, 1937.

DEAR REV. FATHER,

For many a day I have found myself uttering a sincere prayer: "Father, forgive them—they know not what they do." It is with the hope of starting a widespread campaign for reverence for our Sacramental Lord that I am addressing myself to some of our leading Catholic periodicals, with the hope that our people will overcome one of their most thoughtless irreverences.

To see our Catholic people bow at the Elevation, to watch them strike their breasts in acknowledgment of God's great Gift—and then to see them fail even to move in their seats for the returning communicant makes one almost shriek with horror. Surely common courtesy would make them step aside for their neighbour on any other occasion. Why, oh why, do people persist in blocking the aisles, and in filling the seats to the utter disregard of a person returning from the altar-rails after Communion?

All that is needed is a stirring sermon from the priest to inspire them to show the honour and reverence that is due on such occasions. Some congregations are models of decorum in this respect; others, unfortunately, are the reverse. May God inspire some of the readers of this letter to pass on in a more eloquent manner my sincere plea for greater reverence for the Sacred Host in His living tabernacles.

(Miss) A. E. M.

(Name and address enclosed).

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

NO SORROW IN HEAVEN

If Christians know each other in the life to come, will they not miss loved ones who are lost and realize that the latter are in torment? Or will their memories of loved ones be blotted out? If such a transformation does not occur, how can it be possible that no sorrow shall enter the kingdom of Heaven?—"Troubled Soul" (Dublin).

Heaven is a state of perfect happiness. It consists essentially in the vision of God face to face. "We shall see Him as He is," says St. John. This vision of God and the felicity which results from this vision is absolutely incompatible with every species of sorrow. Compassion for others is a kind of sorrow. The one having compassion takes the ills of others upon himself, as it were. But such compassion cannot occur in Heaven, as is evident. It is repugnant to the perfection of Divine Justice to compassionate those who have resisted God and His gracious calls to repentance.

MARRIAGE INDISSOLUBLE.

I married a Protestant before a minister. Later I had the marriage rectified and was married by a priest. But I made a terrible mistake. The other party sold my property and departed for parts unknown. What is the best thing to do? Do you know if I can marry again and make a home for myself?—J. E. B.

In Catholic marriages each party takes the other "for better or worse till death do us part." Nothing can be done in the way of marrying again. Consummated Christian marriages can be dissolved by no human power and by no cause save death. The best thing to do is to recognize that the cross has come into your life and to take it up and carry it with Christian fortitude.

CATHOLIC BURIAL.

Can a Catholic Priest refuse to bury a child who was not baptised in the Catholic Church, but was baptised by a Catholic woman a few minutes before the child died, as a priest could not be had? The child's mother was a Catholic and father was a non-Catholic, but they were married in a Protestant church.—"Reader."

Your catechism says that anyone may baptise in a case of necessity when a priest cannot be had. In your statement of the case then, the Catholic woman did well to baptise the child, and no reason appears to prevent a priest from performing the funeral service or for a child to be deprived of a Catholic burial.

ANNULMENT AND DIVORCE.

What is the difference between a divorce granted by the civil courts and an annulment granted by the Roman Rota?—"E.B." (Dublin)

There is a world of difference. In the first place, the Roman Rota does not grant an annulment: it declares that no true and valid marriage ever existed, due to the fact that

an invalidating impediment was present at the moment of marriage, preventing the contract from ever coming into existence. Civil courts attempt to declare dissolved marriages which may be true and valid before God and the Church, in direct opposition and contradiction to the divine prohibition: "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder" (Matt. XIX, 6). The Roman Rota has never granted permission to a party to a valid marriage to put away his partner and marry another. Rather than declare the valid marriage of King Henry VIII of England null and void, the Catholic Church saw the English monarch set up a church of his own and pull almost all of England with him.

READING LETTERS.

Is it wrong to read another person's letters?—"Curious" (Co. Cork).

Without permission, it is wrong to do so. Only legitimate superiors, such as parents, may presume permission to inquire into the private affairs of others. Letters, usually, contain matters which are private and personal. To pry into such affairs is dishonest and unjust, unless prompted by the gravest of reasons. To divulge what has thus been learned is an added fault, which may be of serious consequence.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Does the Church approve of capital punishment?—"Justice" (Dublin).

The Catholic Church teaches that the civil State has the power and the right to put to death those convicted of serious crimes, when such penalty is necessary to preserve the State or to guarantee the welfare of the citizens. This power of life and death comes to the civil Government through the power of jurisdiction that she has from God to preserve and to promote the temporal welfare of all subject to her. Historically, all nations have agreed that there are crimes sufficiently grave to demand the punishment of sentence to death. Historically, it seems that all nations have felt that the common weal could be adequately protected only by the exercise of this God-given right. Indeed, nations that have, at different times, abolished this extreme form of punishment, have, often enough, quickly restored it to their list of penalties for crime.

THE POPE'S TITLE.

I would be pleased to know the origin of the Pope's title: "Servant of the Servants of God."—"J. F." (Belfast).

The See of Constantinople was second in dignity to the See of Rome. During the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great (A.D. 590) the Patriarch of Constantinople, John, began to use the title "oecumenical," which means universal. This prompted St. Gregory to rebuke John's pride in claiming a title to which he had no right. In a letter to John

he styled himself "Servant of the Servants of God"—a title used ever since by his successors.

THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

Is it correct to say that the Passion of Christ was not strictly necessary, but that He used it as a means of showing His love for our souls?—"Paddy" (Co. Dublin).

Christ's sufferings were not absolutely necessary. God might have pardoned the human race by an act of His Will. He could have accepted the atonement offered by humans. But supposing that He demanded an equality between the offence and its reparation, the interposition of a Divine Redeemer was hypothetically necessary. We measure the quality of an offence from the dignity of the person offended; the perfection of the atonement from the person who offers reparation. Sin, therefore, has a kind of infinitude about it, insofar as it is an insult to a Person of infinite majesty. The adequate reparation of sin, consequently, must come from a Person also of infinite dignity, in order to equal the offence. But supposing that God should become Man, even then the awful sufferings of His Passion were not strictly necessary. A prayer, or a tear offered on behalf of the sins of the world would have redeemed mankind. Redemption by the Cross was the more congruous because it showed both the heinousness of sin and the exceeding great mercy of God.

CONFESSION BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Is it necessary to go to Confession before marriage?—W. O'R. (Co. Tyrone).

There is no general law of the Church prescribing this, though there may be laws to this effect in particular dioceses. However, since marriage is a Sacrament of the living, it should be received in a state of grace. The latter obligation demands that those about to marry should confess if they are not in a state of grace.

MAKING REPARATION.

If one should die with a sin against the Seventh Commandment on his soul, could another make reparation for that sin by doing good works, saying prayers and having Masses said for that soul?—"Much Worried" (Dublin).

It is necessary to distinguish. If the sin were grave and unrepented of before death, nothing could be done. But if the sin were repented of we must again distinguish between the guilt of the sin in conscience and the punishment of the sin. The penalty, or temporal punishment, of forgiven sin must be undergone in Purgatory. This temporal punishment can be satisfied for by the prayers and good works of the living in favour of the deceased.

SPIRITUAL QUESTIONS.

(1) *Is it necessary to specify some particular sinner when you offer your prayers for the*

conversion of sinners? Do these prayers affect all sinners or does God receive them for a particular sinner of His or my choice? (2) Don't you think that when a girl has considered convent life and found herself not so inclined, but rather longs for a home and children, that she will be given this grace, since it is so obviously her vocation? (3) To settle a dispute, did the Blessed Virgin experience the pains of labour when she brought forth Our Lord?—M. Q. (Co. Galway).

(1) It is not necessary to name particular sinners in order to have your prayers heard. It is impossible for mortals to know just how God is moved to answer our prayers in behalf of sinners. But He desires that prayers ascend constantly from pure hearts for the souls of the wicked that His anger against them may be appeased.

(2) Your very inclination seems to indicate God's Will.

(3) She did not, according to the belief of the Church. The pains of child-birth are the effect of original sin, which did not touch the Blessed Virgin. The Fathers compare the birth of Jesus of the Blessed Virgin to a ray of light passing through purest crystal, or after the manner of Our Lord's entrance into the Supper Room "the doors being shut."

MACHIAVELLI.

What is the meaning of the term "Machiavellian"?—"Puzzled" (Co. Meath).

The term is derived from the name, Nicolo Machiavelli (1469-1527), whose book, *Il principe* (*The Prince*) teaches the practice of treachery, intrigue, subterfuge and tyranny to gain the end in view. The Church has condemned it, and *Il Principe* is on the Index of Prohibited Books.

A MARRIAGE IMPEDIMENT.

Is it lawful for a Catholic man to marry his deceased wife's sister? What is the teaching of the Church in such a case?—M.F. (Co. Sligo).

The teaching of the Church upon this matter is contained in Canons 97 and 1077 of the Code. The impediment of affinity, which has its foundation in a valid marriage, arises between the husband and the blood relations of his wife, and between the wife and the blood relations of her husband. It is forbidden to the surviving partner to marry the blood relations of the deceased partner in every degree of the direct line, and to the second degree in the indirect line. Thus a man is not permitted to marry the mother, or sister or aunt or niece of his deceased wife. Dispensations are not granted from affinity in the direct line, e.g., to allow a widower to marry the mother of his deceased wife. For a sufficiently grave reason, a dispensation may be granted from affinity in the indirect line; and with such a dispensation it would be lawful for a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister (Cf. *This is Christian Marriage*. Adrian Lynch, C.P.).

Book Reviews

ST. BONAVENTURE.

THE FRANCISCAN VISION—Translation of St. Bonaventure's *Itinerarium Mentis in Deum*. By Fr. James, O.M.Cap. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 73. Price 2s. 6d.

It does seem strange to be reviewing a book which is already seven hundred years old and which for so long a time has been the Franciscan guide to the soul's progress in contemplation. If its message has withstood the changes of seven centuries and been the handbook of sanctity in the Franciscan mode, then time has surely proved its worth by achievement. To make the way of Francis, the way of any man to God; to show that the extraordinary thing called sanctity, as possessed by Francis, was the ordinary progress of a six-step journey to God, was St. Bonaventure's aim. "It occurred to me" he writes "that the vision vouchsafed to St. Francis (of the six-winged Seraph in the Image of the Crucified) typified the uplifting of our father in contemplation . . . symbolised the six degrees of illumination which, beginning with created things, lead up even to God, to whom there is no access save through the Crucified." It is not a practical book of spiritual "do's" and "don't's," but a profound treatise on the workings of the soul as it presses forward to the fuller union with God. It is an analysis of the spiritual life, as the mind under the influence of grace, and by the practice of prayer, feels its way from the less perfect knowledge of God to the more perfect in the quiet of contemplation. The Saint offers his "Speculations" as he calls them, not to the philosopher or the theological critics, but to "the lovers of Divine Wisdom and to those inflamed with the desire thereof and who wish to go apart in order to taste and magnify and appreciate God." Let those with such desire read and re-read this book of the Seraphic Doctor, which Father James has given us in its first English translation. I will conclude with a quotation from St. Bonaventure's prologue, which contains sound practical advice that must guide all our spiritual reading: "I entreat my readers that they will regard the intention of the writer more than his work, the meaning of what is said more than the manner of its saying, truth more than elegance of style, exercise of the affections more than erudition of mind. Those who will do this must not hurry lightly over the pages but must slowly set to work and deeply ponder over their content." * * *

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE THREE GREATEST PRAYERS—Conferences in two Books by St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by Fr. Laurence Shapcote, O.P. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 89 in each. Price 2s. 6d. each.

St. Thomas was the friend and contemporary of St. Bonaventure. These two books

are of a time and period with the *Itinerarium*, but widely different in their scope and treatment. The Commandments of God are reports of sermons preached by St. Thomas during the Lent of 1273 to the students and townsfolk of Naples. They are simple and straightforward explanations of the Ten Commandments, devoid of all oratorical figure. After a preliminary discourse on the two great precepts of Charity—the love of God and the neighbour—he takes up the commandments, one by one, and with short, crisp utterances, shows their implications and inculcates their lessons. His divisions and familiar "first, secondly and thirdly" are great aids to memory and understanding. Those not familiar with the work of the Angelic Doctor will marvel and wonder at his constant use of the Scriptures to elucidate his instructions.

The second of these books, **The Three Greatest Prayers**, are St. Thomas' commentaries on "The Apostles' Creed," the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Incidentally, the Saint, in the very first sentence of his book on the Commandments, mentions the "Creed" and the "Lord's Prayer." "In order to save his soul" he writes, "a man needs a threefold knowledge: he needs to know what to *believe*, what to *desire*, what to *do*. The first he learns in the 'Creed,' the second in the 'Lord's Prayer,' the third in the Law (the Commandments)." Thus, on the advertisement of the great St. Thomas himself, these two small books contain all that a man needs to believe, desire and do, in order to attain salvation. I am convinced that the ordinary intelligent reader, although at first he may find the matter dry and the style unusual, will grow in appreciation as he reads. The priest who wants matter for the pulpit will find here the very best, with Scripture texts to hand which will make his preaching in very truth the Word of God. Dear layman, don't be frightened by the name or learning of St. Thomas. You may have heard him quoted from the pulpit, and may have looked upon him as the exclusive possession of preachers. Learn to read him in English yourself and be able to clinch an argument with your own quotation. The translator and publishers are to be complimented on this effort to popularise St. Thomas, his method of clear thought and his fruitful teaching.

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THE ROMAN BREVIARY (Summer Quarter).

English translation by the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrooke Abbey. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Price 16s. (red edges), and 22s. 6d. (De Luxe gilt).

This month brings the third volume of the English translation of the "Priest's Prayer-book." I can repeat all that I have said about its two companions. It is a boon to the liturgically-minded and to the priest who would take a deeper interest in that book which contains his official daily prayer.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

SOFT winds playing hide-and-seek amongst the gold stems of the ripening corn, scarlet poppies lifting their flimsy heads to the caresses of the sunlight, deep purple of heather, and appealing loveliness of mountain and land. Such is August, the last month of summer beauty. A loneliness creeps into our hearts while we contemplate the waning of the summertide, and again, in the midst of the sunshine, we forget to feel sad and rejoice in the glory of nature, for it is a time of rejoicing. The great Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Mother, when we celebrate the memory of her crowning and Coronation in Heaven, cannot but fill our hearts with a sense of the deeper joys of the soul, the sublime mysteries of the other world, and the greatness and splendour of the Mother of God as she reigns with her Divine Son in glory over all the earth and heavens.

"Sweet Mary, protect us, so keep us in grace,
When death folds our bodies in earth's cold embrace,
Our souls may ascend to the mansions above
And there be reclaimed by thy Son's tender love—
Assumed into heaven."

MY POST BAG.

Many letters have reached me this month, yet I miss the pen scripts of several old friends, but it is the season of holidays and outdoor enjoyment, so I must not grumble if my post bag is not as bulky as usual. Next month I know all my little wayfarers will come trooping back to work harder than ever for our prizes and to cheer the heart of *Francis* with their happy letters and graphic accounts of their holidays. My young friends in St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, never forget me. Their letters are ever brimful of joy and there is never a murmur of all the sufferings they must endure. The sunlight of God's smile seems to be ever shining on

St. Gerard's Hospital and filling the hearts of the little patients with happiness. PETER SWALES and MARGARET RIDLEY write two delightful invitations to *Francis*, who is overwhelmed with joy at the thought of the welcome they have in store. What a wonderful list of wild flowers Peter sends. He knows the names of no less than one hundred and six species. I am greatly charmed with SHEILA JOHNSTONE's little letter giving me all the news of the Coleshill doings. Sheila will be going to Lourdes soon. I hope she will remember us all at the Shrine of Our Lady. Perhaps some day she will come to Knock. WINNIE MOOREHOUSE has gone home. I hope she will still continue to write to *Francis* and the Guild. Such a delightfully newsy letter as I have received from JEAN RICHARDS telling of the fine time they had at the Sports, and of how they all had an ice cream "for nothing." Don't you wish you had been there? I am sure the little black boy won all your hearts. Do write often, Jean, like a "loving Pet." Welcome to our corner, ERIC CAVE. You and PETER seem to be great friends. I think you will enjoy entering for our competitions. NORMA DEVEY is enthusiastic over being a member of our Guild. I do hope she gets her heart's wish one day—a prize from St. Gabriel's Guild. *Francis* will be watching out for FATHER HIRILL, the ambassador from Ward 6. It

IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls Five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

will be interesting to hear all the accounts of my little friends. MARY O'SULLIVAN is enjoying a lovely holiday in the green glens of old Donegal. Thanks for nice letter, Mary.

A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA.

Our faithful little member, MARY McANDREW, is revelling in the delights of holiday time. She has news of her sister, who has reached Africa. "Her sea voyage across was very pleasant," says Mary, "and she heard Mass every morning in the temporary chapel on the liner. One morning early—it was still quite dark—when she and her three companions were on deck, a boat full of negroes came to bring luggage from the 'Pretoria.' When the boat was leaving the liner, the negroes, with their sparkling white teeth, smiled up at the crew. This, my sister said, was her first real glimpse of Africa." I am sure you would all like to see ten little nigger boys all in a row. Many thanks to JOHN COWLEY for his letter. I hope he will find his friend some day. John's essay is very good, indeed, and he has an eye for the beautiful in nature. A long letter from MARY MULDOON, a sincere lover of St. Gabriel's Guild, makes interesting reading. She thinks St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, very beautiful, and delights to listen to the boys' choir there. Their beautiful singing lifts her heavenwards and she believes "Our Lady must surely bless those boys who praise her Son in such a good way." I am glad Mary finds so much food for thought in the fine articles on the Passion of Jesus Christ in *The Cross*. They are well worthy of being studied and meditated upon. God bless their author with length of days, and spare him to lead many souls to God. Your letters are a pleasure, Mary. It is a pity you could not share Danny's holiday. Pray to St. Gabriel, EILEEN O'DEA, and he will not fail to help you in every difficulty. He is truly a wonder-worker, and is especially kind to the members of his own dear Guild. MARY MULDOON says: "SHEILA McANDREW must be proud to have a sister doing great work for God in the missionary fields of Africa. I will not forget to pray for her." Sheila will be grateful to Mary for her kind thought for the dear one in exile.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Cornfields of August" the prize is awarded to MARGARET LYCETT, 174 Cottage, Roseberry, Newbridge, Co. Kildare.

In the competition for the best List of Wild

Flowers the prize goes to PETER SWALES, St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England.

SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "My Favourite Play, and Why."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "Why I like *The Cross*."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best account of "The joys of Blackberry Time."

SEND BEFORE AUGUST 10TH.

©

Privilege

If I were just a little flower
I'd wish for nothing more
Than just to blossom for an hour
Beside Your prison door;
I'd gladly leave my garden bed,
The sunlight, and the dew
If only I could hope instead
To be one hour with You.

If I were just a candle lit
Before Your prison shrine
O, I would be so proud of it—
To think such honour mine,
That I would leap and beam with joy
And brighten all about,
And wish and wish the altar boy
Would never put me out.

But oh, to think dear, gracious Lord
It lies within my power
To do what You may not accord
To candle or to flower;
For I, not for an hour may love
Nor for a day or year
But all my life, and then above
Yes! even more than here.

P. J. McGUIGAN.

St. Gabriel's Guild

COUPON AUG., 1937

DIXON
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OPTICIANS



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SUFFOLK
STREET